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The English Scene

Painted by John Leigh-Pemberton

HORSE OF THE YEAR SHOW



IF EVER WE ARE RASH ENOUGH to attempt an assessment of the social consequences of television, we shall certainly record a large credit to the unknown genius who first saw the small-screen possibilities of show jumping. It may be argued that what we see at home is only a pale simulacrum—sans atmosphere, sans colour, sans practically everything. But that is less than fair. We at home, who cannot go to the arena, can still share the fun of the Pony Club games, still appreciate the grace and skill of the horses, still enjoy the excitement of a jump-off against the clock. How many youngsters, we wonder, watching the Horse of the Year Show this month, will aspire to take part in it? How many, with a pony of their own in mind, are even now storing up the tips of generous uncles in a Savings Account at the Midland? We do not know; our young friends do not always tell us what they are saving for. We hope they realise their dreams. But, if they do not, all will not be lost. They will have acquired early the habit of banking at the Midland—and that, in the long run, will be more valuable than even the best of ponies. If you would like to set your own children upon this road, ask any Midland Bank branch manager to tell you about Deposit Accounts and Savings Accounts.

Midland Bank Limited

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The existence of this forest in the middle of the expanding metropolitan district is no accident. In 1953, when a water company wanted to dam the Mianus River and turn the area into a reservoir, local residents objected. Beauty, they said, is as important to progress as water supplies; let our forest stand. American law agreed, and the trees remained untouched.

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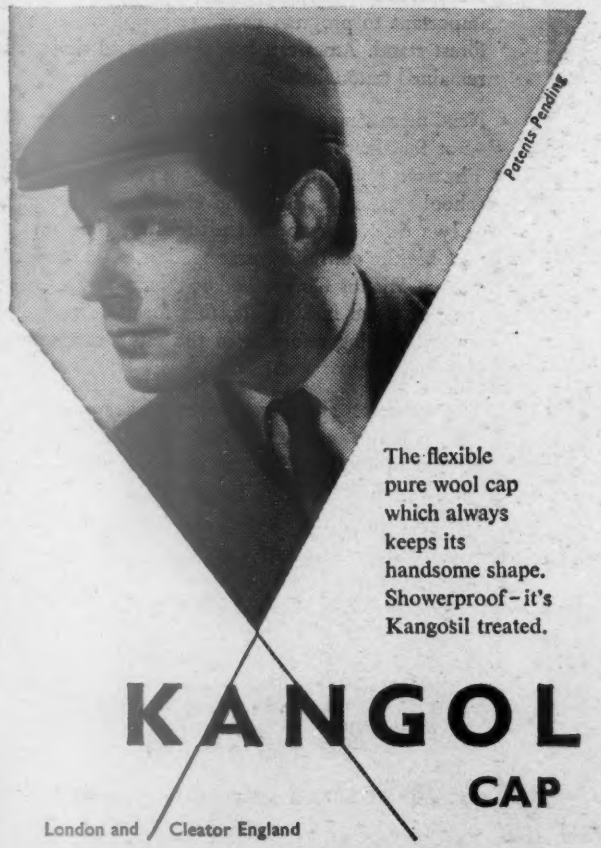
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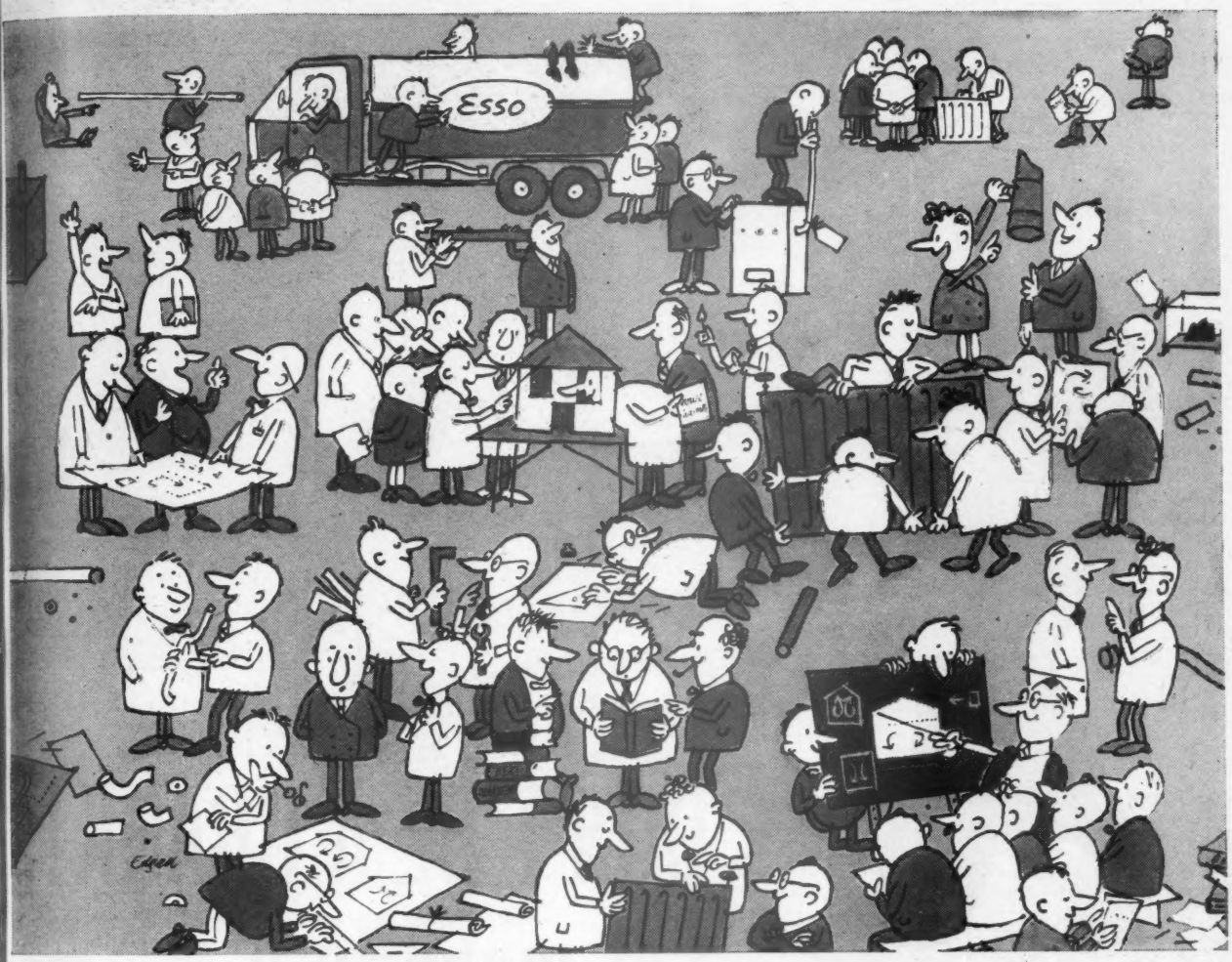
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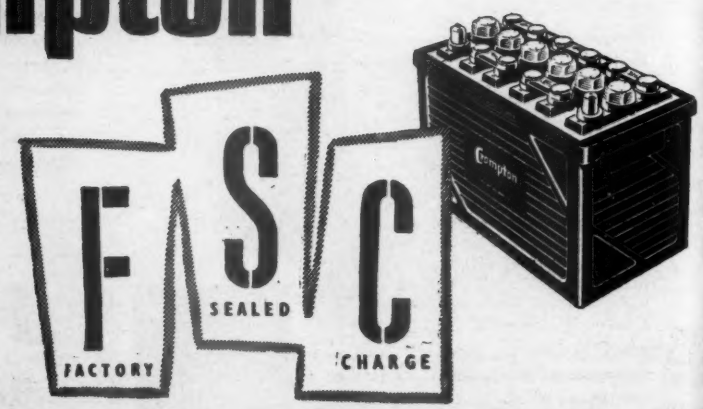
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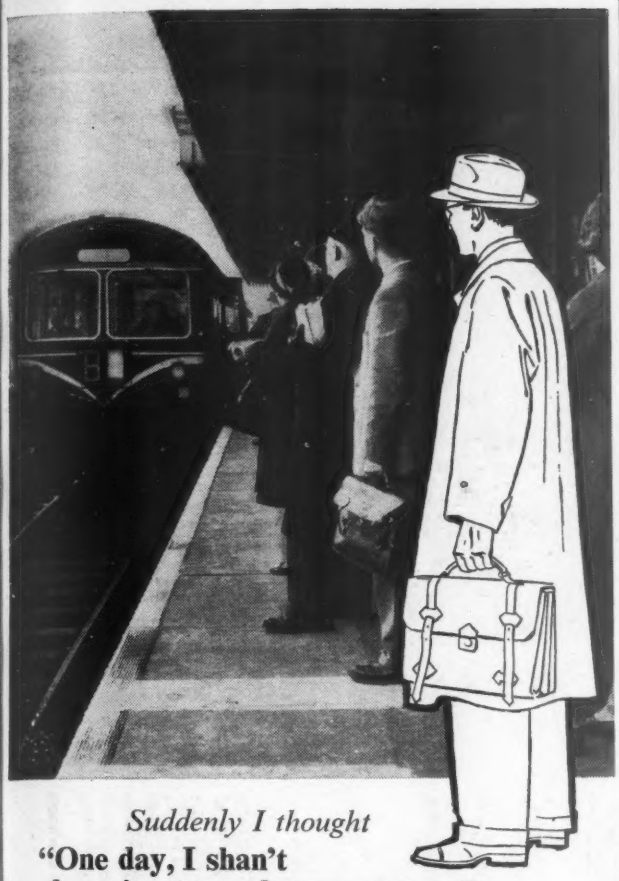
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COMPANY MEETING

ASSOCIATED BRITISH FOODS

Another Year of Record Achievement

SALES INCREASED BY £20m. TO £163m.

The 26th Annual General Meeting of Associated British Foods Limited was held on September 29 in London.

The following are extracts from the circulated statement of the Chairman, Mr. W. Garfield Weston:

The most encouraging feature in another year of record achievement has been a further increase in our total sales from £143 million to £163 million. The gross profits of the group before depreciation and taxation amounted to £12,775,000 and this exceeded last year's gross profits by £1,304,000. Our contribution to the National Exchequer in the form of direct taxation again absorbs over 45 per cent. of our net profits and this proportion is likely to rise next year when the second successive annual increase in profits tax becomes effective.

This year has again been one of considerable expansion in all spheres of our activities and our expenditure on new and replacement capital assets of one kind and another exceeded £12 million. Capital Commitments at the beginning of April 1961 amounted to approximately £5,500,000.

TRADING POLICY

Because I believe so strongly that the customer is of paramount importance I make no excuse for repeating in substance what I said last year on this subject. We believe in quality of product and service and we do our best to maintain these at the highest possible levels. We make every effort to improve efficiency at all stages of manufacture, distribution and selling and we are determined to maintain the goodwill and satisfaction of all our customers.

We have, to the best of our ability, countered increasing costs of raw materials, labour, etc., with a concentration on still further improving our manufacturing and distribution techniques but certain price increases have been unavoidable. Nevertheless, these have been kept to a minimum and our present margin of profit—about 6¾d. for every £1 of sales—is evidence of our determination to make an influential contribution to the economic stability of the community.

I would emphasise that our increased profits come from increased sales and greater efforts and not from increasing the profit margins on our sales.

Although we have spread our activities into many different sectors of the food industry the Bakery Division still forms the major part of our organisation both in sales volume and in profit earning capacity. We are continuing to expand this part of our business.

Again this year I am happy to report that we have succeeded in increasing our share of the total biscuit market. The biscuit division has, this year, increased its contribution to group profits and we can look forward with confidence to further progress in this direction.

Both the wholesale and retail sections of our grocery trade have made good progress during the year.

Our overseas subsidiaries are allowed to retain all their profits for expansion, and a substantial part of the £2,000,000 cost of new acquisitions last year was incurred in Australia and New Zealand. We can be proud of the progress made by our companies overseas.

THE FUTURE

If our present progress is maintained and if there is no serious economic setback our profits will again show a substantial increase this year. Our plans are long term and far reaching and I personally have the utmost faith and confidence in the great future of this organisation.

We have unrivalled experience, we have competent and progressive management, we have adequate financial and other resources—all the ingredients necessary for development. I said last year that we set no boundaries to our progress—nothing has happened to change our views on this, rather would we underline the phrase.



WE DO NOT LAUNCH SATELLITES

We do not launch satellites, or space probes; but travel outside the earth's atmosphere involves a great deal of work which is well within our orbit. Over 80 GKN companies are taking part in the drive to conquer new worlds; and some of the first human artifacts to reach other planets will certainly have been made by GKN. Special high tensile lightweight fasteners are one example. Rocket motor casings in a new GKN high tensile weldable steel are likely to be another. GKN welding equipment for rocket and fuel tank construction is behind this thrust into space; and in telemetry and control there are silicon iron laminations, cold forged and machined copper transistor bases, and castings for radar wave guides—all made by member companies of the GKN Group. These facts should give space travel enthusiasts an inkling of the part we are playing, in research and production, to hurry up the most exciting age of exploration ever.



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All the listings are based on the latest information available at the time of going to press.

THEATRE

(*Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews*)



The Affair (Strand)—did the **Don** fake the thesis? Ronald Millar out of **C. P. Snow.** (27/9/61)
The Amorous Prawn (Piccadilly)—old-model hearty comedy, funny in places. (16/12/59)
Androcles and the Lion (Mermaid)—new production.
As You Like It (Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford)—good production, with Vanessa Redgrave a memorable Rosalind. (Repertory) (12/7/61)
Beyond the Fringe (Fortune)—four ex-undergraduates very funny in original revue. (17/5/61)
Billy Liar (Cambridge)—newcomer Tom Courtenay in weak play about north-country Walter Mitty. (21/9/60)
The Bird of Time (Savoy)—well-acted first play that fails to come to much. (7/6/61)
Bye Bye Birdie (Her Majesty's)—satirical American musical, Chita Rivera wonderful. (21/6/61)
Doctor Faustus (Old Vic)—exciting Edinburgh production that suffers in transplanting. (30/8/61)
The Fantasticks (Apollo)—reviewed this week.
Finders Keepers (Arts)—sorry, not recommended. (27/9/61)
Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'be (Garrick)—low-life British musical, funny but not for Aunt Edna. (17/2/60)
Goodnight, Mrs. Puffin (Duchess)—few comic clichés remain unturned. (26/6/61)
Guilty Party (St. Martin's)—very exciting, big business whodunit. (23/8/61)
Hamlet (Stratford-upon-Avon)—poor production. (Repertory) (19/4/61)
Irma la Douce (Lyric)—low-life French musical, good for the sophisticated. (23/7/58)
The Irregular Verb to Love (Criterion)—another witty domestic tangle by Hugh and Margaret Williams. (19/4/61)
King John (Old Vic)—memorable performance by Paul Daneman. October 4-5. (6/9/61)
The Kitchen (Royal Court)—new production of Arnold Wesker's play.
Let Yourself Go! (Palladium)—revue. Harry Secombe lovable and Eddie Calvert loud. (31/5/61)

The Lord Chamberlain Regrets (Saville)—disappointing revue, determinedly but vainly topical. (30/8/61)
Luther (Phoenix)—John Osborne's new play, with Albert Finney. (9/8/61)
The Miracle Worker (Wyndham's)—Anna Massey brilliant in the Helen Keller story. (15/3/61)
The Mousetrap (Ambassadors)—the nine years' wonder. (16/12/52)
Much Ado About Nothing (Stratford-upon-Avon)—poor production. (12/4/61)
The Music Man (Adelphi)—slick dancing in dull treacly American musical. (22/3/61)
My Fair Lady (Drury Lane)—still a good musical (7/5/58)
Oliver! (New)—exciting British musical from *Oliver Twist*. (6/7/60)
One For The Pot (Whitehall)—new farce. (16/8/61)
One Over the Eight (Duke of York's)—Kenneth Williams in patchy revue. (12/4/61)
The Rehearsal (Globe)—amusing and dramatic Anouilh, very well acted. (12/4/61)
Richard III (Stratford-upon-Avon)—lightweight but effective production, with Edith Evans, and Christopher Plummer dashingly dotty. (Repertory) (31/5/61)
Romeo and Juliet (Stratford-upon-Avon)—Edith Evans and Dorothy Tutin magnificent in average production. (Repertory) (23/8/61)
Ross (Haymarket)—Rattigan's fine study of T. E. Lawrence. (18/5/60)
An Evening with Sammy Davis, Jr. (Prince of Wales)—stimulating one-man show by star singer-dancer-impersonator-musician and solid supporting acts. (30/8/61)
Shewing Up of Blanco Posnet (Mermaid)—new production.
The Sound of Music (Palace)—tunes the best thing in a very sentimental American musical. (31/5/61)
Stop the World, I Want to Get Off (Queen's)—Newley's patchily good musical satire. (26/7/61)
The Taming of the Shrew (Aldwych)—Vanessa Redgrave and Derek Godfrey make the evening worth while. October 5-11. (20/9/61)
A Whistle in the Dark (Stratford E.15)—Irish violence, well done. Until October 7. (20/9/61)
Wildest Dreams (Vaudeville)—new Slade/Reynolds musical. (16/8/61)
Young in Heart (Victoria Palace)—the Crazy Gang still certifiable. (4/1/61)

REP SELECTION
Dundee Repertory Theatre. **Gaslight,** until October 7.
Bristol Old Vic. Harry H. Corbett in **Macbeth,** until October 14.
Birmingham Repertory Theatre. Harold Pinter's **The Caretaker,** until October 21.

CINEMA

(*Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews*)



Ballad of a Soldier (Curzon)—Russian: a young soldier's journey home in war-time. Minor but unusually entertaining. (14/6/61)
Ben-Hur (Royalty)—The old faithful spectacular: chariot-race splendid, and otherwise bearable even by those who usually avoid "epics." (30/12/59)
Come September (Odeon, Leicester Square)—Reviewed this week.
The Damned and the Daring (Compton)—Escaping gangsters occupy isolated French delinquents' home. Standard thriller. (20/9/61)

CONTINUED ON PAGE XVII

A Queen all the world acknowledges



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Summary of the Report and Accounts for the year ended 31st March 1961 and from Mr B D East's Circulated Statement

FIVE YEARS' PROGRESS

	1957 £	1958 £	1959 £	1960 £	1961 £
RENTAL INCOME	50,992	103,639	183,283	331,891	481,525
PROFIT BEFORE TAXATION	15,400	27,685	62,712	107,878	157,624
PROFIT AFTER TAXATION	6,745	11,697	32,002	58,937	88,907
PAID IN DIVIDEND	4,312	13,398	28,328	57,080	85,935
ISSUED CAPITAL	100,000	116,500	250,000	847,200	*1,100,415
PROPERTIES AT VALUATION OR AT COST	551,493	838,436	2,023,663	3,441,071	4,324,506
BONUS SHARES ISSUED	—	1 for 1	2 for 1	1 for 5	1 for 5

* *Increased to £1,320,498 by the bonus shares issued in 1961.*

The Group's present programme includes the development of more than 300 shop units, 21 stores or supermarkets, and over 300,000 sq. ft. of office accommodation, etc, involving a capital cost of about £8,000,000.

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P114

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE XV

La Dolce Vita (Berkeley)—The sweet life in Rome, on every level. Very loose and episodic, variously entertaining and shocking; basically moral. Not yet dubbed—*verb. sap.* (21/12/60)
Exodus (Astoria)—Long (3 hrs. 40 mins.) spectacular account of what preceded and followed the birth of Israel in 1947. Action stuff good, character conventional. (17/5/61)
Fanny (Warner)—Phony, Frenchmen-are-quaint, but colourful remake of Pagnol's Marseilles trilogy.
The Guns of Navarone (Columbia)—Six assorted saboteurs spike German guns on a Greek island. Noisy, violent, visually fine adventure-story. (10/5/61)
Il Grido (Paris-Pullman)—Reviewed this week.
Les Jeux de l'Amour (Academy)—Triangle comedy; funny detail, questionable basis. (27/9/61)
The King and I (Metropole)—Reissue of the 1956 success with Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr. (26/9/56)
The Parent Trap (Studio One)—Identical twins (Hayley Mills) reunite their separated parents. Sentimental, funny, ingeniously entertaining. (23/8/61)
The Pleasure of His Company (Plaza)—Stagy but glossy comedy with Fred Astaire and San Francisco Bridge.
Rocco and His Brothers (Cameo Poly and Cameo Royal)—Visconti's epic about the struggles of a dead-poor rural family to survive in Milan. (20/9/61)
Search for Paradise (London Casino)—Cinerama in Ceylon, the Himalayas, Kashmir, Nepal; hearty Lowell Thomas commentary.
South Pacific (Dominion)—Lush colour (Todd-AO) Rodgers and Hammerstein musical: US soldiers, sailors, girls on a Pacific island in 1943. (7/5/58)
A Taste of Honey (Leicester Square—ends October 4)—Excellent film version of the play: drabness made exhilarating by perceptive writing, fresh playing, observant direction. (27/9/61)
Two Women (Continentale)—Strong, vivid performance by Sophia Loren in ill-balanced version of Alberto Moravia's novel. (9/8/61)
The Virgin Spring (Curzon)— 13th-century story: innocence defiled and avenged. Ingmar Bergman at his most symbolic. (14/6/61)
Volcano (Academy)—Wonderful colour pictures of volcanoes, put together by an enthusiast. (27/9/61)
Web of Passion (International Film Theatre)—Reviewed this week.

SHOPS



Newly opened at **Lillywhite's** of Piccadilly is a "winter cruising shop" which specialises in lightweight clothes. Fashion shows, featuring autumn tweeds and separates, will be held on October 4 and 5 at 3 pm. **Harvey Nichols** have their couture show from October 10 to 12, at 12.30 pm and 3.30 pm daily, in the main store's restaurant. Meals and refreshments obtainable. **Bourne & Hollingsworth** will be holding daily parades in their dress fabric department from October 9 to 14. Timings: 12.30 pm and 3 pm Monday to Friday, extra show Thursday 6.30 pm, 11 am only Saturday. New in the fabric hall of **D. H. Evans** is a wide selection of handwoven Irish tweeds, including Bainin: also available are specially made Vogue patterns catering for the narrow widths of this material.

From October 9 at **Heal's** there is to be a ground-floor exhibition called "Sweden Comes to Britain." At this store is the "Highworth" chair for elderly people made by Parker-Knoll, whose new showrooms in Berners Street are designed by Heal's

CONTINUED ON PAGE XX

OPEN SECRET

When you've time to drink at leisure,
keep it dark. *Keep it dark!*
For your benefit and pleasure,
keep it dark. *Keep it dark!*
Take it easy, settle back
With a Mackeson to smack
Or a Guinness smooth and black
That'll fortify your back.
Have a look what's on the rack, then
keep it dark!



The newspaper you read has never mattered more

The more the world demands understanding, the more difficult it becomes to understand. At this moment, when so much depends upon your newspaper, can you do with anything less than The Times itself?

The Times equips you to understand because The Times reports the news straight—not made agreeable by omissions or entertaining by additions. It reports the news completely. Short of attending every session of Parliament and every significant law case in person, reading every important government report, or being present at every major news event, you cannot find out more about the world each day than by reading The Times.

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If you take the world seriously, you should take The Times.

Read THE TIMES tomorrow

PUNCH

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**For overseas rates see page 520.*

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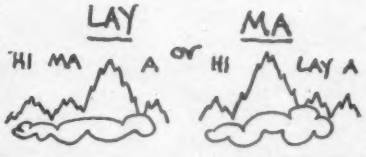


Charivaria

IN a rousing speech to his supporters, the Chairman of the Labour Party told them that they could not expect power in times of prosperity. This is an unhealthily defeatist attitude for an Opposition. Waiting until the other side makes a mess of things and the electorate begins to think that any change might be an improvement is a poor-spirited kind of politics. Parties ought to look forward to being carried into office on a wave of national euphoria. If the Labour Party think of themselves as antibiotics instead of vitamins, they deserve to stick in the wilderness.

Phonetic and Phony

PEPYS is Peppis, not Peeps, current owners of the name aver. The practice of pronouncing names otherwise than spelt is said to have roots in snobbery, which is unlikely in the case of the original diarist whose father was a tailor "with a good connection" and whose mother was "of humbler origin." Baden-Powell would have none of it; he discomfited the people who made the "a" in Baden broad and the "ow" in



Powell Welsh by insisting that his vowels were as in bathing towel. And of course there's the strange case of Denis Cumpton whose brother, Leslie, is known as Compton. Place names are worse; the purist's Trafal*gar* upsets the scansion of many stirring verses and I am grateful to Chambers for his sturdy defence of Cirencester, just like that, dismissing Sisister as "a dubious variant." Even Kirkcudbright's name smacks of hubris.

Economic Poser

IN America they are working on a process which will make the flavour in chewing gum last twice as long. If



someone hit on a way of imparting perpetual flavour, would the industry welcome it? It can hardly wish the customer to chew the same cud all day, which he might do if they turned it into an everlasting caramel; yet multitudes cannot be bothered with gum because its flavour vanishes so rapidly. If the taste were made to last, say, ten times as long, would that lead to boom or bust? I am glad I do not have to make decisions like this.

Jiggery-Pokery

I CAN think of several good reasons for extending Summer Time throughout the year, but the one behind the latest proposal to do so leaves me baffled. It will, apparently, help old people to cross the road safely during the rush hour. OK, we make the evening rush hour earlier by God's time, so that our elders have a chance to skip across the road by daylight, but that must mean pushing the morning rush hour back into the hours of darkness in mid-winter, when there are, presumably, just as many old people on the zebras. Perhaps it's nothing to do with that at all, but some gerontologist has found that the aged really live by the sun, whatever the clocks say, so that an earlier rush hour would catch



"It isn't our fault, is it, if the ever-present threat of nuclear annihilation is undermining moral standards?"

them when they were still feeling reasonably spry.

No Waiting

A NEW career opens in America—the car jockey, who takes your car for which you can't find parking space and drives it around town until you want it back. I see a future for other mobile storage units, such as the money-minder, to save the tedium of hanging about in bank queues and fussing with paying-in slips, and the sight-shower to trudge your visitors round palaces, towers, cathedrals, etc., returning them intact in the cool of the evening. As for children, there is already a bingo crèche at Bournemouth where the tots are lulled while Daddy and Mummy keep their eyes down.



"Believe it or not, my first tango since last year's End-of-Conference Ball."

Triangle Drama

A MAGICIAN promises a new refinement of an old trick—sawing a woman in three, as if she were a United Nations secretariat. I warn him now, before it is too late, of the fate that overtook the originator of this illusion, who used two girls. An admirer sent a lavish gift to the pretty partner clearly seen by the audience, not knowing that a second confederate was involved. So bitterly did the two girls dispute their right to the tribute that the act went into temporary liquidation.

Laugh or Pay

AMERICAN insurance companies are asking prospective clients, in the course of a 300-item questionnaire, which of two comic strips they prefer. If they choose the more adventurous one, their premiums are increased. But what happens to the man who never looks at comic strips and doesn't even know their names? Probably he is turned down flat as self-centred, the kind of man who is so remote from his fellows that he bashes his way along the road, causing grief and loss to any insurance company that hasn't diagnosed him. One more example of the tendency of fun to become compulsory.

Watch Out for the New Wave

YOU have to keep your nuances on a tight rein these days. I remarked lately that the party in the car ahead of us at a petrol station in Golfe Juan was "a bit *nouvelle vague*." The girl who was attending to us—modelled, like so many girls in those parts, on Miss Bardot—had a sudden access of indignation. "*C'est moi qui est nouvelle vague*?" she hissed. When she was mollified, she explained, "*C'est la chose la plus vexante qu'on peut dire*," and, pointing to the harmless BOAC executive in our back seat, added, "*C'est comme si j'appellais votre camarade un Teddy-boy*." I had imagined I was simply using a bit of harmless film-critics' jargon. At least it provided me with a new term of abuse when I needed one.

Ads from the Deep

I HOPE those ships which are broadcasting commercial radio to Sweden from outside the three-mile limit will be operated in the best traditions not only of show business but of the sea. Obviously the Show Must Go On even when conditions are such that it seems desirable to run for port (which could mean forfeiture of transmitting equipment). In the hour of calamity, it seems not unreasonable to expect the disc jockey to go down with his ship, first putting on the traditional hymn for shipwreck. The newspapers will be eager to record the last recorded message, which will probably be a boost for seasickness pills.

Statistician Wanted

THE North-Western Electricity Board has been moaning about the high cost of cutting off 12,000 customers annually. Has anyone ever bothered to work out the probable *national* cost in this affluent but careless age of disconnection and repossession? There are homes, it seems, where the breadwinner returns and says, "Well, well, what have we to-night?" and his wife replies, "The gas is off and the phone is off, but the water's on again and the fridge is back but the telly's gone and the three-piece suite will be going in the morning. Unless we're lucky at Bingo to-night, that is."

Word-making

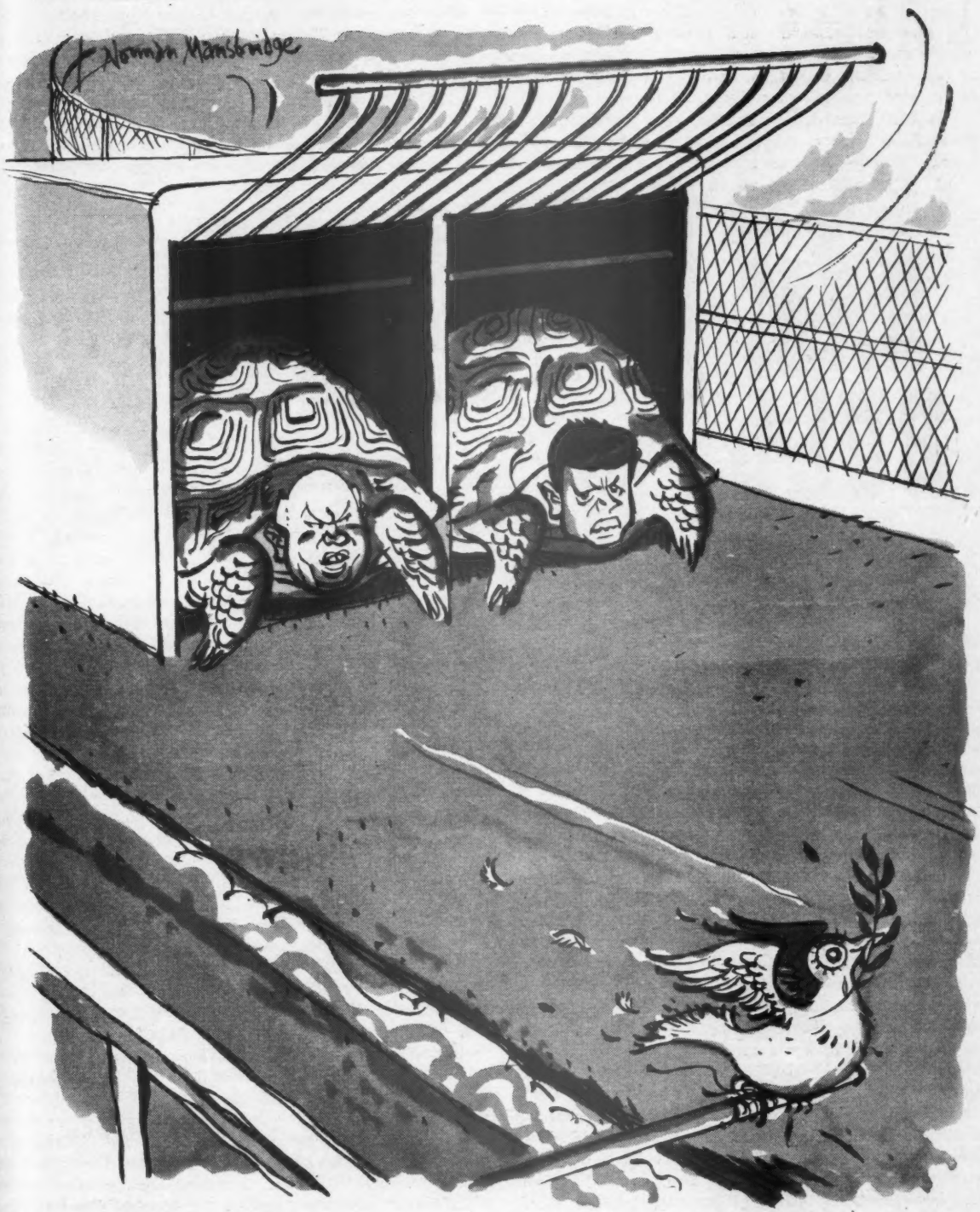
WHAT on earth is the difference between the Union Castle "stewardettes," for whom Hardy Amies has designed a smashing new uniform, and the stewardesses of yore? I suppose the -ette ending is thought to give them a touch of slightly naughty femininity, as in midinette and stockinette. But I'd be much happier with old-fashioned stewardesses, a word which suggests sturdy competence and the ability to fasten a life-belt quickly.

—MR. PUNCH

STOP PRESS

London Art Theft

Early this morning cab-driver noticed arch missing from Euston station. Later a man in raincoat and battered trilby taken Scotland Yard and spent night assisting police in their enquiries, thought to be well-known minor poet.



PEACE RACE

THE BIRTH OF

SAM BULL



How far have the British become Americanised?

BUSINESS WITH THE KIDS

By Philip Oakes

IF you dig the teenage scene (and only an anchorite can escape a measure of spadework) it may come as a profound shock to learn that the Young Idea has not always been an essential part of our way of life. Its origins, in fact, are fairly recent. Only three barren decades ago the species was divided tamely into children, adolescents and adults. But in 1930—according to Harold Wentworth, Ph. D., and Stuart Berg Flexner, MA, the authors of the *Dictionary of American Slang*—a person between the ages of 13 and 19, and specifically a high-school student between the ages of 15 and 19, became known as a "teenager."

By 1945 the word had achieved standard usage in America and its associations had begun to gather. "The United States is the only country having a word for members of this age-group," assert Messrs. Wentworth and Flexner (a little short-sightedly as it turns out), "and it is the only country considering this age-group as a separate entity, whose influence, fads and fashions are worthy of discussion apart from the adult world." But the semantic drift had started eastward long before the gentlemen first framed their definition, and a short trip around this tight little island would dispel any notion that "teenagery" is an idea which does not travel.

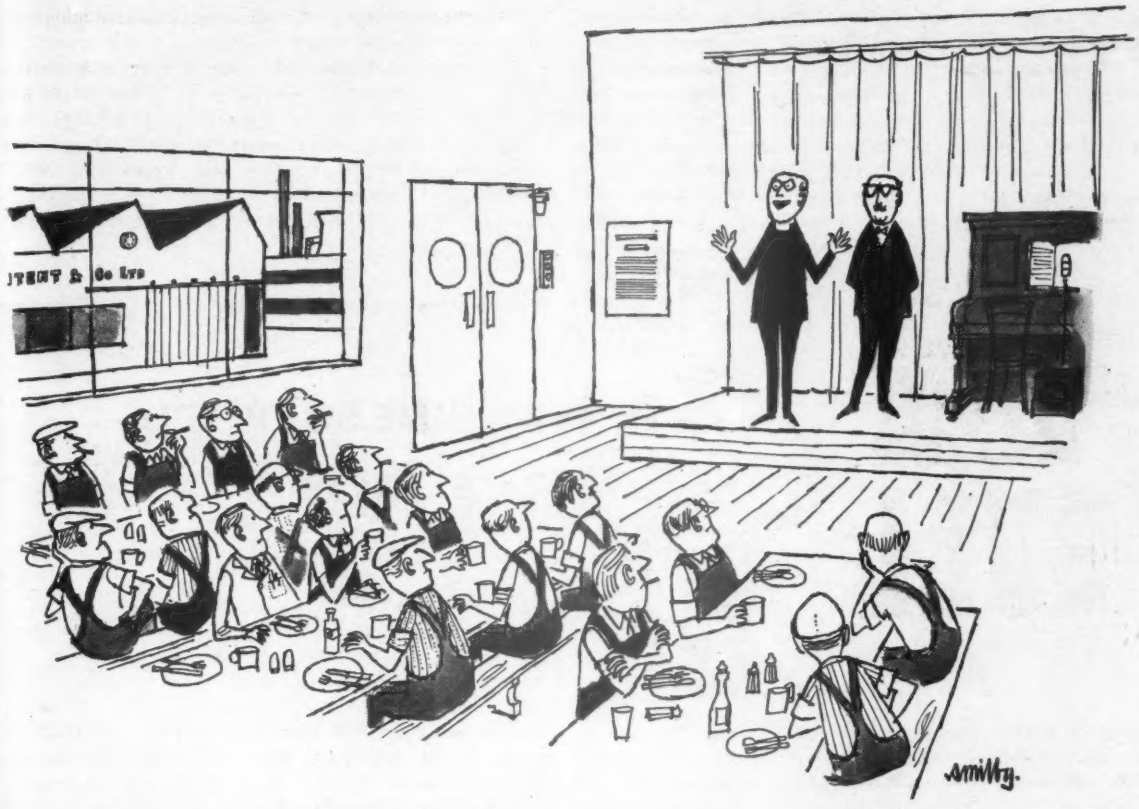
Native economists, squares though they may be, have learned to face up to the current facts. As Dr. Mark Abrams points out in his survey, *The Teenage Consumer*, it took thirteen post-war years before anyone in Britain attempted to "describe comprehensively the phenomenon of the teenager as a buyer of goods." But with an estimated £900 million of teenage currency coursing annually through the market, manufacturers and admen soon busied themselves in making up for lost time. The gospel (voiced by a jazz impresario who has managed to salt away a considerable share of the loot) became "Business with the kids."

Inevitably travel broadened the definition. "Teenagers," according to Dr. Abrams, are wage earners between 15 and 25. "Quite a lot of their money," he says, "is spent mainly on dressing up in order to impress other teenagers, and on goods which form the nexus of teenage gregariousness outside the home. In other words this is distinctive teenage spending for distinctive teenage ends in a distinctive teenage world." It is also a fair approximation of Messrs. Wentworth's and Flexner's "separate entity," and although the mould which shapes the entity is economic rather than sociological, the effect is precisely the same.

Teenagers in Britain today are flattered, exploited and (periodically) attacked. They have their own fashions, their own idols, their own magazines and their own TV programmes. They are the centre of a vast commercial whirl, which caters for their tastes, indulges their fads and endlessly courts their custom. And—because adolescent prosperity is relatively new to Britain and manufacturers are still groping for ways in which to strike pay dirt—their techniques are imported. The inspiration is American, and the teenage world, largely created by hucksters who have framed the constitution, is about as British as the Bronx.

Especially in this sense the whole teenage phenomenon in Britain is artificial, for although the "separate entity" came into instant being with the postwar rise in wages, it lacked definition and shape. Newspapers helped by giving currency to the "teenage" tag. When *Rock Around the Clock*, the first of the rock 'n' roll quickies, was shown in British cinemas there were so-called "teenage riots," in which seats were ripped up and the law was called in. Looking back it is hard to understand why a bad film should trigger off a wave of violence, but the explanation almost certainly is that for the first time "teenagers" as a social group achieved prominence of a kind, and—identifying themselves with the rioters—adolescents, still uncertain of how they were supposed to behave, followed suit. In the same way home-grown beats (dog-eared copies of the Kerouac originals) helped to wreck the Beaulieu Jazz Festival for two years running, just as their US prototypes did the Newport Festival.

Examples of this wholesale imitation can be even more closely pin-pointed. In *It's Great to be Young*, his autobiography up to the ripe old age of 19, Cliff Richard, one of the most successful of British pop stars, avows: "When I was still an amateur the thing I wanted more than anything else in the world was to be known as 'the local Elvis.' I wore side-burns—just like him. I walked about with a guitar slung over my shoulder—just like the pictures I'd seen of him. I wore similar clothes." The Presley stereotype has now been abandoned, not only by Richard but also by most of *his* imitators. But among the vast following of teenage fans fashions linger a little longer.



"I want you men to look on me as a sort of spiritual shop-steward."

The reason seems to be that it took time and effort for British adolescents to adopt the "teenage" label and, having once elected their heroes, they were—and still are—reluctant to see them dethroned (unless of course they opt out of the teenage hierarchy—usually by marriage—in which case their future is uncertain). The most perfect of teenage heroes was—and still remains—James Dean. Six years dead his reputation shines on undimmed in a teenage Valhalla. His tomb is constantly covered with flowers. His plaster bust retails at 30 dollars, and séances are still held at which he declares through a teenage medium "I am not dead. Those who believe I am not dead are right." In Brighton two teenage girls turned their front room into a James Dean shrine ("We will never marry. We will remain true to his memory," they told one reporter), and the current revival of Dean's first film, *East of Eden* (brought back in response to 63,000 letters), has fostered a rash of latter-day Deans, complete with bleached jeans and leather jackets, around the pavements of Leicester Square.

Every cult appoints its heroes, but teenagery in Britain is simultaneously a career, a business and a state of mind, and more is needed to keep the wheels turning than the occasional mascot, however potent. There is of course no master mind controlling policy from a Wall Street eyrie or a nook in Beverly Hills, but the fact is that the values and attitudes implicit in current teenage mythology are alien to the old behaviour patterns of British adolescents.

The most important teenage myth—nurtured first in America—is the one which assumes an unbreachable gulf between the generations. Parents, it supposes, do not understand their children. Adults, almost without exception, are squares. In the words of Cliff Richard: ". . . they can't let themselves go. If that's what being 'grown up' and 'adult' means, then I only wish I could stay at nineteen a whole lot longer."

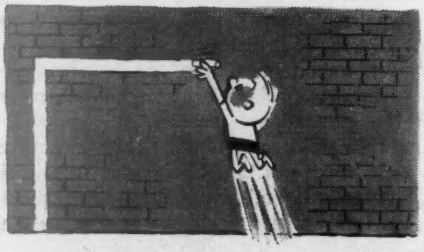
One of the longest-running programmes on commercial TV in Britain is the *Sunday Break*, which for four years has propagated mild and generally inoffensive evangelism, combined with jazz and discussion of teenage topics. Around five million people watch it each week (or rather three weeks out of four), and the audience, judging from letters received by the producer, ranges comprehensively from schoolchildren to grandparents. Over a period of eighteen months the note that sounded plaintively throughout the correspondence was a long sigh of relief that *at last* someone was paying attention to teenage *problems*. (My italics.)

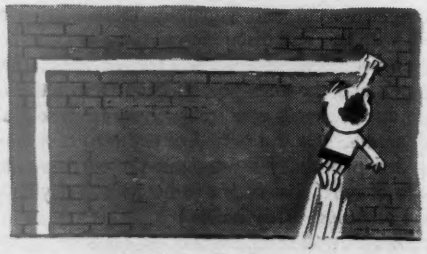
The problem most often mentioned, by both teenagers and their parents, was lack of mutual understanding. But it seems

highly debatable whether the problem was half so acute *before* the teenage movement gathered its present momentum.

There *is* movement, that much is certain, and there are obvious difficulties both in observing and in communicating with a moving object. The solution favoured by the hucksters is to shout as loudly as possible. Teenage magazines prefer telegramese in which girls are addressed as "gals" and the usual greeting is "Hi!" Contents vary according to the class of readership, but whether it is A, B, C, or D it is in print that the American flavour is most pronounced. *Honey* (Fleetway Publications), whose first editor was a Canadian, addresses itself—a trifle uncertainly—to an ideal reader aged somewhere between 16 and 25, whose status hovers around the secretarial-middle-class mark. An average issue includes the inevitable article on Elvis ("it's a case of work, work, work and no love—for Elvis Presley"), an advice column called "Help for Honeys," and a profile of the young English actress Jill Haworth, whose impressions of New York give a glimpse of what passes for teenage perfection. "... I never dreamed life could be so exciting," she said. "... teenagers have a marvellous time. They begin dating very young and never have to be home before 2 a.m."







True Story (Illustrated Publications Ltd.) includes cookery, knitting, and mothercraft features for the more general reader, but its fiction ("the stories in this magazine are about REAL PEOPLE") is geared unmistakably to the teenage machine. The settings are kept geographically vague, but the transatlantic imprint embosses every page. In "Never Really Mine," a star-crossed romance between tall, dark Mike and tearful little Peanuts (teenage nicknames are *always* cute), the lovers meet in "a little club" where soft music oozes from the juke box. In "We Had to Elope" the heroine comes from "the poor side of the tracks." And in "World of Silence" a deaf mute husband takes his wife to live on a farm as remote as any homestead in the Old West.

Invariably, in the realm of teenage publications, sex is relegated to the Problem Page.

In *Honey* one correspondent writes: "My boyfriend won't keep his hands to himself ... How can I stop him?" Answer: "You must be firm and stop him. And, if he loves you, he'll respect you for it." The advice may be sane—more often, it is merely high-minded—but either way it has little relevance to the true state of teenage morals. Terms of reference are the old standbys of "dating," "necking" and "petting." But the words themselves are meaningless imports, long since archaic and rarely used by an increasingly permissive society.

There is nothing especially American about this state of affairs (sex, after all, is international), but what it does demonstrate is a signal lack of contact between the teenage promoters and their audience. Words are fairly basic tools. If the wrong ones are chosen there is considerable risk of the machine grinding to a halt.

At present this is not the huckster's most pressing problem, but what does concern him is the grim fact that eventually even teenagers grow up. As Dr. Abrams remarks: "Discrimination and expertise in the consumption of chocolate bars, soft drinks, sports shirts, pop records, dancing shoes, cosmetics, motor cycles, movies, drain-pipe jeans and romantic fiction have only the slightest relevance to the demands of adult life. On marrying, the ex-teenager starts almost from scratch to learn the consuming habits appropriate to the new role."

Add to that bleak prognosis the kernel of a conversation with a group of 18-year-old girls, increasingly aware of their exploitation, and the prospects for the island race brightens by several degrees. "Don't call us 'teenagers,'" they begged. "It's a word we're trying to lose."

Next week: Etiquette, by Patrick O'Donovan





"They'll never get me up in one of those things."

From a Well-wisher

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

DEAR Mr. Khrushchev,—Hope you will pardon the liberty, but I see it says in the papers you are having your holiday at a Black Sea Resort until October 17th inst. (and trust it is with pay) and this is just a line from Mrs. Bidmead and me hoping you and your good lady enjoy yourselves as much as what we did (we been just back from ours).

Funny thing, when we was at Brighton last two weeks Sept. you come into our thoughts quite frequent, what with the transistors on the beach everywhere and news bulletins every half-hour before people could roll off of their lilos and reach the switch, and my Mrs. stated more than once that what you needed was a bit of a break at the seaside, often remarking that only man was vile, nothing personal, understand, but a line from a poem I gather, as Mrs. B. was in the shorthand typing line before we took up, and educated accordingly. Still, it makes sense, when you're laying at ease with your trousers rolled up, watching the old waves splashing in and flooding the old sand castles, and the rubber ducks bobbing, and the boats calling any more for the skylark, and the old sun belting down, we had a good first week, eighty-one in the shade on the Wednesday, then it deteriated, scattered showers and that but you can't expect jam on it. You feel this is the life, no doubt about it, or as the wife says every prospect pleases.

Of course, Brighton, well I know it's got a bit of a name what with one thing and another and a lot of theatricals living down there these days a pied de terre as they say, but we didn't come across nothing of the old Sodom & Gomorrah and that, I mean not to



"It's me, boy! I've come back!"

notice. Innocent fun, you'd really put it at, the same as Odessa or wherever you are (they seem to have hushed up your Resort). Mind you, there's irritations. I mean if you're trying a snooze up against a breakwater and there's a lot of squealing and row and beach photographers pestering and deck-chair men kicking up the shingle all over your packed lunch, and dogs running around and record-players bleating out with these crooners, and you wouldn't be normal if you didn't have the passing thought blimey roll on the bomb. But I mean passing, because after all what harm are they doing when you come right down to it, they're entitled to enjoy theirselves their own way and you need a bit of give and take in this life I always say, if we was all the same it would be a dull old world, I don't know whether you agree.

Brighton's got two piers, I don't know if you know, and if you want a walk before supper, going out to sea without the trouble of a boat it is really, you can squattez-voo in a deckchair if fine and have a basin of the sunset in the righthand corner of the old sky-line, minding your own business and refreshing the spirit. If Odessa or wherever you are's got a pier (I'm not saying it hasn't a couple, three for all I know, and no offence intended), you and Mrs. K. might have a stroll along. Geography not been my strong point you may find the sunset's behind you, but never mind have a look at the fishermen hanging over the end. They won't catch nothing, not unless the Black Sea's better equipped than what the E. Channel is just here, but it's their relaxed look that's catching, and you think this is the life and why turn nasty over anything, and two evenings running I folded the deck-chairs and carted them back to save the attendant collecting, not that he said so much as a ta but it isn't the thanks you look for.

Or if you want a real breather, I don't know if there's any what you call Downs at the back of Odessa. Back of Brighton there's these green hills, easy busride, and you can get up there early mornings with nothing but the larks (small bird, vertical take-off with singing, and keeping their eyes skinned for kestrels, sort of hawks). Maybe there's one tractor. Then there's this panaroma over the villages down below, little churches, waterworks, bit of smoke from the odd chimney, kids in the back gardens and mums putting the washing out, blokes pedalling to work and cetera, a very nice scene, and you get more of a feeling of live and let live up there than what you do down with the maddening crowd near the prom. Goodwill to all men is the sort of key thought, so if you've got a similar natural amenity to these Downs at Odessa (if that's the place, as I say) you and your good lady might revel in a stroll up, because if you ask me even a gent in your position has to look around and remark to hisself there's nothing much wrong with this, what madheaded nut wants to take out a scorched earth policy if you get my meaning.

Incidentally I forgot to mention, getting back to the hurly-burly of the sea-front, quite a lot of the elder visiting personnel go in for bowls and the miniature golf lark, very restful, or a ride along to Rottingdean on a No. 16 (open top if you can get a seat up there for the nippers). Or whelks and lollies, and maybe a nice picture in the evening, and there's bands play twice daily.

Well, I don't know that I've put this very clear, the point I'm getting at, and don't want to take too much of your valuable time, seeing as you already been called back once for a chinwag with old Nehru. I'm only saying that whether it's the beach or the Downs i.e. the people or the larks, Mrs. B. and I got the feeling that this old globe's got a lot to recommend it one way and another but you sometimes don't notice it till the pressure's lifted for a bit. So there we are then, and trust no presumption, but that you and Mrs. K. return thoroughly benefited and in the pink, because there's one thing about an autumn holiday, it does help to get us all through the winter, I always say.

Yours in anticipation,

Stanley (and Mrs. E.) Bidmcad.

PS. Our two nippers, Ronnie and Bet, wish to be associated.

In next Wednesday's PUNCH

E. S. TURNER
looks back on
25 Years of Television

B. A. YOUNG
presents a
Progress Report
on ten years of Conservative government

GRAHAM
has
An Announcement to Make

Man on a Cold Slate Roof

By PATRICK RYAN

ANY fool could climb on our roof. I've just been up there myself. But even Hillary would need Tensing and four Sherpas to help him down. It's the sloping top to the bow window, the yard-and-a-half of overhang and the Pitz Palu of decayed gutter that cut off your line of retreat. Even the birds are afraid to nest in our eaves. There's nowhere on the glass mountain they can get claw-hold to lay the first beakful of raffia. The bloke who built our house wasn't having any of his kids carried off by eagles.

The television went drunk in the middle of *Coronation Street*. The picture slipped diagonally and there was Ena Sharples plodding up a 1 in 4 gradient to the Rover's Return. Our world of entertainment was suddenly set at an angle of 45°.

The only way we could see Bronco clearly and see him whole was to slump sideways with heads canted like garrottees. Four nights of this Quasimodo viewing and we'd all got engine-driver's neck. My wife started in for-God's-saking on Saturday afternoon so I tore myself away from the wrestling and inspected the aerial.

A bracket had broken from the chimney-stack and the H was leaning over sideways. I may not be much at electronics but I'm strong on sympathetic magic. "That's the trouble," I said. "The waves are coming in askew. I'll get up and straighten it."

Our property-owning democracy is divided like stockings into the laddered and the unladdered. We belong to the under-equipped bloc but what I lacked in ladder I made up in ingenuity. By fixing a baby's high-chair with the feeding-tray over the sill of the bedroom-window I was able to reach up and get my arms round one of our stone pineapples. With a foot on a telephone insulator I gave a seal-like heave and suddenly found myself across the overhang and into the valley between ours and the next-door roof.

I traversed up the tiles to the chimney stack, pushed the aerial upright and hammered the bracket back into place.

Back down in the cwm I belayed my left arm round the pineapple and lowered a leg over the arête of the bow window. I can-canned feverishly, beating for foot-holds but finding only thin air. As the gutter belched like a long, rusty stomach and sagged ominously under my chest, I realised that, short of a death-dive, I could not get down.

With both arms twined amorously about its concrete stalk I pulled myself up by the pineapple and back into the valley. I squatted back to appreciate the situation, smiling nonchalantly. The nonchalance was necessary because there is nothing our community enjoys more than a neighbour in a predicament. Me stuck up on my own roof would get more of them out than the Coronation. And there are two old biddies in No. 27, the Misses Eulalia and Lucy Grope, who spend their lives looking for a chance to dial 999.



"Nothing wrong with being involved at school in pay awards, token strikes, working to rule. All good stuff for later life . . ."



"Mr. Webster, be a darling and circulate—you're completely obscuring our Cézanne."

Either of them caught a flicker of fear on my countenance and they'd have had the fire-brigade round quick as cockroaches. The last thing my garden wanted was fifteen brass-hats thigh-booting around in the dahlias. Never mind the deathless indignity of being give a fireman's carry down their blasted escape-ladders.

I scanned each visible bedroom-window carefully but there were no girls undressing anywhere. It cheered me to note that half the neighbourhood was living in jeopardy. There was barely a roof around that hadn't got tiles slipping, flashing falling away or cracks creeping up the chimney-stack. The curtain of No. 27 flickered ominously and I saw that Miss Eulalia was watching me through binoculars. I had to find employment or she'd smell a rat. I came out of my v-shaped squat and scrutinised my tiles row by row. On every fifth tile I scratched "Ryan was here" just for posterity. I was on my fourteenth inscription when my eleven-plus daughter appeared below.

"What are you doing now?"

"Checking the tiles for erosion."

She watched for two silent minutes.

"Would you like to know something?"

"No."

"Then I'll tell you. You've got up there and you can't get down."

"Go away. And don't shout."

"Shall I go over and tell Miss Eulalia my father's stuck up on the roof and can't get down?"

"Go away, that's all."

"I could go away and buy an ice-cream if you like."

"Go on then."

"I haven't got any money. Shall I get my camera and take a photograph of you stuck up there . . .?" I threw her down a shilling. As she walked up the street she laughed like a female stoat.

Her mother came out next.

"What are you scratching about up there for?"

"Just testing for wet-rot. Might as well see everything's ship-shape while I'm up here."

I probed deftly with my nail, frowning at problems of roof-surgery.

"Give over, buster," she said. "I know you can't get down. I should have my head examined for letting you get up there. I'll ask Jenkins for his ladder."

"It's not in his garden. Somebody else has got it already. And keep your voice down. Don't let on to the neighbours. Smile when you talk to me."

"And how am I supposed to get you down?"

"Fetch Gregory. Tell him to borrow a ladder and bring it round the back."

"Where will I find him? It's past opening time."

"Try the Bell first. They'll know where he is."

When she'd gone for her drinking brother I settled back in my coign to await rescue. I became adjusted to being trapped on a roof and philosophy set in. I began to get the message of St. Simeon Stylites. Up in the air I was cut off from earth-people, safe at last from ambition, careers, efficiency-mongers and the responsibilities of married life. "Of course," I'd muse in future, "I could have been promoted any time but I got stuck up on that roof." . . . my wife would have to talk to builders, school-teachers and encyclopaedia-salesmen. "It's no good asking for my husband," she'd explain. "He's stuck up on the roof." . . . with a fly-sheet, a sleeping-bag and a regular supply of canned beer and foolscap I could live out my life as the Hermit on the Tiles . . .

My peace of dissociation was broken by Probert, three doors away.

"You all right up there, old man?"

"Yes, thanks."

"What are you sitting there for?"

"Waiting for the mastic to dry. Been filling in a few holes in the coping. You should see your roof from here. If there's one tile gone there's ten. And looks like a marabou stork has nested in your chimney . . ." Which sent him dashing inside to check the cracks in his ceiling.

It started to drizzle and all the paradise went out of my eyrie. Old Mrs. Cakebread, the rain-maker's widow, came home with her cat's-meat.

"You'll catch your death up there," she said.

"Got to finish the job now I've started."

"What job you doing?"

"Stack-proofing. It's the smoke. Desiccates the cement and makes your flue porous. You've got the most porous chimney in the street. Looks like coming down any day now."

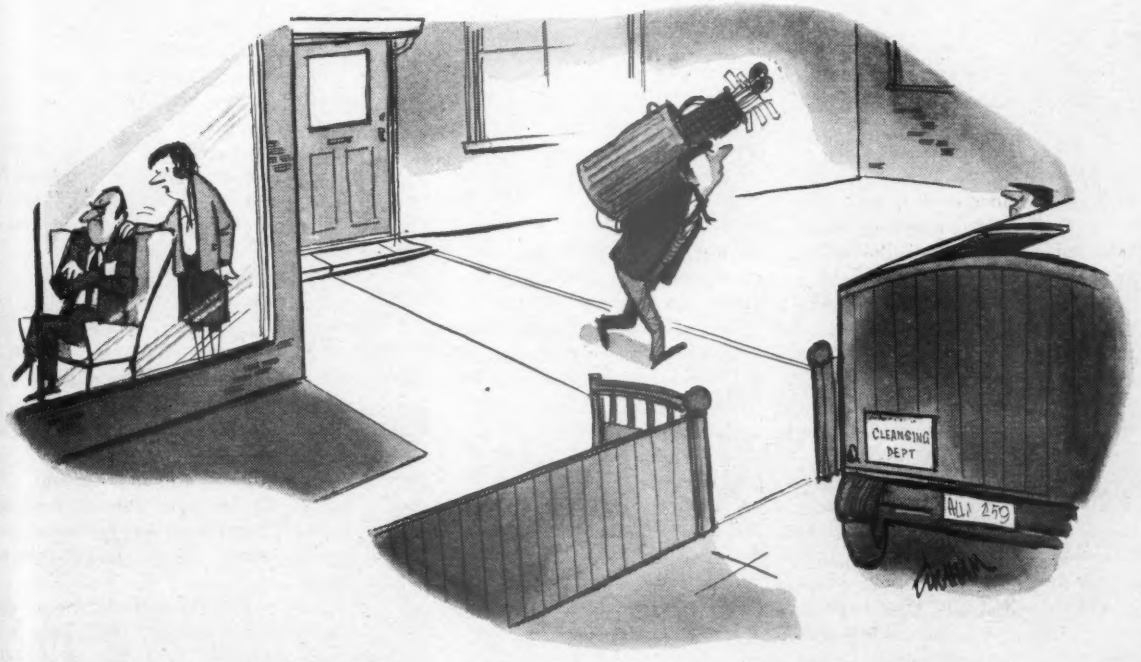
And she bolted indoors to take her sixteen Siamese down the air-raid shelter. During the next hour, eight other busy-bodies quizzed me but I scared them all off with the diseases of their own roofs and none detected my predicament. My daughter came home and insisted on making me a cup of tea. She put the cup in a plastic bag and I hauled it up from the bedroom-window with my tie. The cup tipped coming over the bergschrund and I had to drink it out of the bag like a space-man. It is a most eerie experience on a roof in the rain, drinking cold tea out of a plastic bag. And she didn't put enough sugar in either.

I'd done two and a quarter hours in the crow's-nest when at last my wife and Gregory turned up singing. Five pubs she'd been in before she found him and she'd taken one in each for decency's sake. She was giggling-cut and he was worse. The fool couldn't find a ladder so he'd brought a climbing rope.

"Have no fear," he crowed. "Old Greg-boy's here!"

"Mafeking," piped my wife, "will be relieved."

"Ahoy there, skipper!"



"There's still time to change your mind."



"There isn't a thing here fit to take off."

The Brunt

IT is the hero's role to bear the brunt;
To bear the palm is the reward so won.
It is not likely that a stunted runt
Will get in front and bear the brunt for fun.

No brunt exists out of its proper setting.
We bear it and it is at once outworn.
Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The brunt's whole life consists of being borne.

There is one brunt to every known mischance.
My lad, no pair of brunts our mothers bore.
It is the only child of circumstance,
Unique as such and single to the core.

Let each man therefore school himself to bear
His dignity in mind, himself with calm,
In every enterprise his proper share,
The brunt, and in due course the bell and palm.

— P. M. HUBBARD

As he threw me the rope, heads popped out of every window in the street. I made fast round the stack, slithered over the tiles and abseiled down the wall, trampling two window-panes en route. The whole neighbourhood was out when I landed, crowding me with questions.

"And how are you going to untie the rope from the chimney, old man?" asked Probert.

I squinted expertly aloft.

"The stack's rotting at the roots. It's the same all along the street. I'm lashing mine down before it comes through the roof . . ."

I took a hitch round the gate-post and strained a guy-rope taut from the chimney. As I shepherded my wife into the house and shut the door on the querulous mob I heard the bells of the fire-engine come clanging round the corner.

Wish You Were Here

ROME

EXQUISITE small children and young girls (the place belongs to attractive teenagers, and many of them walk with the arrogance of a Sophia Loren, in the knowledge that they rule it); young and middle-aged men are like raffish, often balding boxers. You can get cool in the Catacombs, or under an arch of the Colosseum, looking through at the arena past the silhouette of a heavily-built young man who leans against the wall fast asleep as he sits on his motor-bike. At coach-party times, the Vatican Museums and the Sistine Chapel are strongly reminiscent of Frith's "Derby Day." Women visiting such places are asked to cover their arms, but there seems to be no objection to bare heads. In the coaches themselves the tourists sit unmoved by tales of Ancient Rome but crane their necks at a mention of Mussolini. If you see somebody who reminds you of a film actor, the chances are that's who it is. I must say I like the *zuppa con verdura*, full of bits of cabbage and artichoke and spinach and beans and God knows what . . . but I've seen enough painted toenails to last me a lifetime. — R. M.

Whether or not international patience becomes exhausted in the weeks ahead, no one can deny that its reservoir is low for the time of year. Several bodies and institutions, alive to the importance of their continuing usefulness, are thought to have made the necessary arrangements already.

SOME EMERGENCY MEASURES

Programme Parade

"THIS is the BBC Underground Service. Now for some news of the treats in store during your week-end's viewing and listening.

"Very much a talking-point in British homes to-day, wherever they may be, is the health and well-being of the dumb animals. They didn't want war, and it's up to us to see that it inconveniences them as little as possible. To-night at six-thirty you can join Peter Scott deep under the coal-fields somewhere in Wales, and here he is to tell you something about the programme.

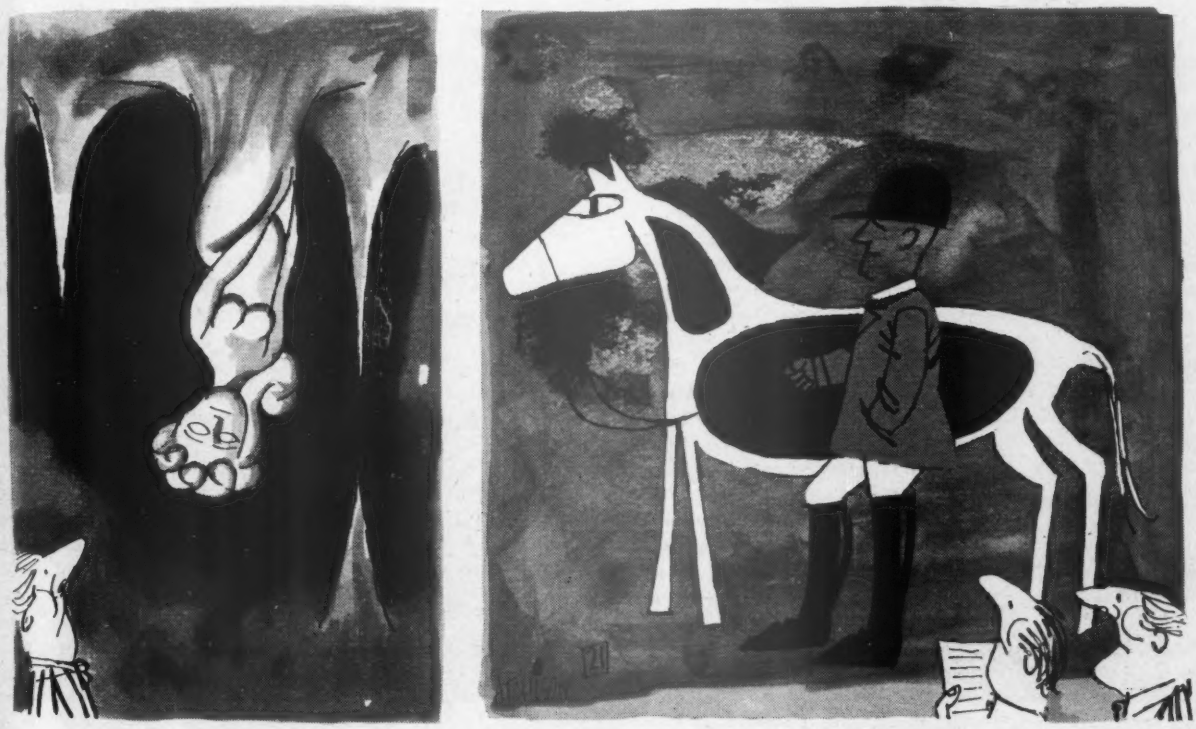
'*From a natural hide I hope to-night to bring you some unusual shots of pit-ponies, patient, friendly creatures with long experience of conditions to which your pets and mine aren't yet accustomed. If you have a dog or cat that's getting fretful or bad-tempered without its familiar sounds, sights and smells, why not persuade him to look in as well? He may pick up a hint or two.*'

"How are the Westerns holding out? A question many viewers must be asking. Well, although supplies from America have been cut off for the time being you'll be pleased to hear that the BBC holds in stock more than twelve hundred and fifty hours of such old friends as *Laramie*, *Overland Trail*, *Range Rider*, *Wells Fargo*, *Lone Ranger* and many more. So even if the present emergency lasts as long as the last one —and many people think it won't— your Western enjoyment is assured. From seven to half-past nine tomorrow evening, Sunday, we present a Festival of Westerns, when your many favourites will include *Lone Ranger*, *Wells Fargo*, *Range Rider*, *Overland Trail* and *Laramie*.

"On sound radio at the same time, for those who prefer something a little more serious, is the monster omnibus edition of *Mrs. Dale's Diary*.

'*Jim seems to be behaving rather oddly this week. I've twice caught him taking his own temperature and he's started having his tea without milk. I don't think life in these caves really suits him. But he had his choice like the rest of us, and he would come to Chislehurst when everyone advised a snug little corner in Belsize Park tube. The sooner the emergency's settled one way or the other the happier we shall all be . . . shan't we, Captain?*'

"If you number stamp-collecting among your hobbies, and have been wondering why the gum on the back



Traditional Royal Academy forms are easily adapted to a style suitable for caves.

of recent specimens has been melting and running down into one corner, you can learn the answer to this and many other philatelic problems at seven-fifteen to-night, when two well-known collectors, Stanley Cagley and Ron Thrust, are overheard at their albums.

'Yes, Ron, I've noticed that trouble with the gum. And you say it's due to molecular action resultant on the unusual prevalence of atomic particles seeping down from above-ground?'

'That's quite true, Stanley.'

'Is there any remedy, Ron?'

'Oh, yes, and a very simple one, Stanley. Mix a little citric acid with lemon-juice, forming a paste, and smear it on the back of each stamp with a camel-hair brush. Then take a saucer of distilled water . . .'

"But we're not letting you into the secret now. Join Stanley and Ron at seven-fifteen. Meanwhile, it's goodbye from *Programme Parade* until the same time tomorrow, all being well, and here is Dr. Charles Hill, with the second edition of *Today*."

Institute of TV Advertisers

Minutes of the Last Meeting

THE Chairman reminded members that they had been circulated with details of the temporary headquarters acquired by the Special Planning Committee, and invited observations.

Mr H. H. Quixote (Vision-Sales) felt that a disused chalk-pit, though no doubt admirable in some ways, would make difficulties for producers of foodstuffs commercials, as particles of dust constantly settling on jellies, mousses and the like while cameras were turning would give a dull effect when screened. Were no disused pit-shafts available? Coal-dust would be much preferable, owing to its ready bounce-back of studio lighting. J. I. Wenlock, BA (Safety Officer), pointed out that fires and explosions due to spontaneous combustion were, on the other hand, rare in chalk-pits, and Mr. Quixote withdrew.

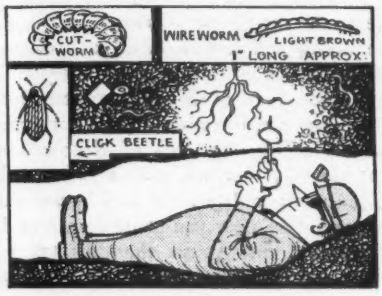
The meeting then proceeded to the consideration of a larger problem, that of how to retain purely luxury accounts in circumstances where consumer interest would be centred principally on such utility products as personalised boring-rigs, fit-the-hand Geiger-counters and religious books. Mr. E. W. Hempster (Lush, Rich and Partners) dissented from the major premise here. His clients were mainly in the field of soaps, pomades and male toilet requisites, and none of them felt that a nuclear struggle could be regarded as an excuse for neglect of personal daintiness. Mr. Alfred Whiskby agreed. The Institute owed it to civilisation to preserve a united front on this, and he thought that a campaign should be started, even if members had to dip in their own pockets, to persuade the public that wilful abandonment of gracious living spelt impaired



Peter Scott in his Mole Sanctuary.

national morale and a blow struck for the nuclear aggressor. Variety of branded breakfast foods, dogs' tartan coatees and women's magazines should be maintained in the face of all, including Government, opposition. There was no reason why these and other luxury articles should not be fall-out proofed and continue to fill the shops. After some discussion Mr. George Waxing (PHUT) agreed to head a Luxury Goods Retention Campaign sub-committee.

A vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Willson Shafter, Special Planning Officer, for his arrangements in connection with the temporary headquarters, and he received a further ovation on stating that Business Despite the Bomb must be the Institute's slogan, and that a stock of more than one hundredweight of smoked salmon was already in the strontium-proof deep-freeze.



The opportunity should be taken to tackle soil pests at their own level. Insert plugs of lime and naphthalene for wireworm, and proprietary poisons for cutworm, etc. Tamp well home to prevent drop-out.



Spend your last four minutes above ground making a plan of your garden, showing positions of shrubs, fruit-trees, etc. This will enable you to tunnel beneath each and make a thorough job of root-pruning.



This will be a golden chance for a proper test of your subsoil. Analysis sets available from Garden Science Ltd. (5 gns). The same firm supply a neat periscope for inspection of any blooms resulting from your labours.

They Have Their Plans

By our Holocaust Survival Correspondent

IN my last article I discussed the steps taken by various official bodies, such as the Soft Fruit Marketing Board, to survive a possible nuclear attack and continue their work amid the débris. Since then I have been inquiring into the plans of other bodies and individuals. The MCC, for instance, have the whole thing worked out in detail.

"We're dashed lucky," a spokesman told me, "because there's a railway tunnel running slap under Lord's. We're told it's very unlikely that any trains will be running, so we propose to nip down there and lay out an underground net. We've already started experimenting with a luminous ball and stumps in case there's a power cut. And, of course, we are very conscious of our responsibility to maintain national morale, so we shall continue to select Test teams, as provocatively as possible, to give people something to talk about. We'll decide the matches with the spin of a coin, in the traditional way."

I asked the League Against Cruel Sports whether they would feel their work was done when there were no animals left to be cruel to, but they corrected me gently. Cockroach-baiting, they feel, is certain to be rife. The Council for the Preservation of Rural England takes a similar line, and is already organising petitions against tunnelling through good agricultural soil, and lobbying MPs with statistics on the danger of subsidence to beautiful old buildings that might possibly be still standing above ground.

A rather different attitude to tunnels is taken by the National Union of Mineworkers. I listened to a Union official explaining their policy to a mass-meeting of miners in Durham.

"What we do not want, brothers," he said, "is a lot of unaffiliated bodies crowding down into the pits, so we are setting up a demarcation committee to examine just how far we shall allow non-union persons to come. And throughout any negotiations that may transpire we shall insist on a modification of a tried and trusted rule. Our motto, brothers, will be 'Last Down, First Up.'" (*Cheers*)

There are a few organisations which feel that it is hopeless to make any general plans. The National Gallery is in this position. "In the last war," an official said, "we managed to get a lot of stuff away to caves in the country, but with only four minutes that will be impossible. We propose to take a rather unusual step. When the warning sounds, we will open the doors and let anyone who wishes take away any picture he fancies, so that everyone will have the chance to own, for a moment, an immortal work of art. Of course, they will have to sign for them, in case it's a false alarm."

An even more pessimistic view is taken by the Affiliated Entertainers of Gentlemen, whose members run most of the strip clubs in the West End. "It's the old story," their President told me. "Any sort of scientific progress means an enormous increase in the quantity of whatever it is it produces, but a decline in quality. This bomb, for instance, I gather, will strip the clothes off almost everybody within a forty-mile radius of Piccadilly, but it won't do it *artistically*. There's no future in it for us, you can take it from me."

NEXT WEEK (if any):
Punch's own plan

All Dressed Up and Nowhere to Go

A Poor Man's Guide to the Affluent Society

By MALCOLM BRADBURY

6—The Pubertoids

IN a non-consumer society, *young* is not a very pleasant thing to be. All the pleasures and all the perks go to old men, who have Authority and devote it to repressing the expansive instincts of youth. In non-consumer societies it is hard to think of things for young people to do, and the problem becomes sharper when it is remembered that, if left undiverted, they are all too likely to indulge in fighting and sexuality. But what *should* one do with them? One would give them books, but their taste is apt to be bad. One would let them have money, but they spend it irresponsibly. One would let them make decisions, but they are impracticable, thoughtless and selfish; and they haven't had the experience. One would let them out of the house, but they are intrinsically wicked. The only thing to do is to lock them up until they are too old to enjoy having experience, and then let them have it. They will then "have experience" and be able to take up their social role.

The problem in non-consumer societies is to find something to do with people before they mature. The notion of Original Sin and the Victorian view that children should be seen and not heard both amount to very much the same thing; they mean that young people are imperfectly socialised creatures with poor knowledge of basic issues, liable when let off the leash to make wrong and harmful decisions and perform bad and anti-social actions; they mean, in, short, that children are not human. The problem in consumer societies is the opposite one—what to do with people after they mature? For in the modern world Original Sin is taken from the young and vested in the old; it is they who are to blame for being too carping and critical, too repressive and paternalistic; it is they who have spoiled the *tabula rasa* innocence of the next generation; and they are the ones who are not human.

In a non-consumer society everyone can't wait to be old, and life does begin at forty; in a consumer society everyone can't stay young long enough, and life ends at twenty. In a non-consumer society young people are thought of as imperfect adults; in a consumer society, adults are thought of as overgrown teenagers. Every society creates the heroes it deserves; there was a time when the hero of the English was the Venerable Bede, and now it is Cliff Richard. My own theory is that medical science, in making human life longer, and puberty sooner, is ensuring that modern man spends the largest part of his life on the shelf, cut off from the privileges and pleasures of the world, and looking with envy on the spectacle of a few persons enjoying themselves publicly until they by the inexorable modern law of wastage are themselves too old and have, at twenty-one, to retire. There are some who would say that the older way—the ethic of which can be summed up in the phrase "By the time you've got enough money to enjoy life, you're too old to be able to"—was the fairer way, since when you were poor you could envy wealth and when wealthy you could envy youth, thus maintaining an equitable balance; now the cards are stacked all one way. For the real reason why the consumer society admires the young so much is, of course, that they do have wealth—and wealth to spend as they please. They are, in short, the model consumers, since they consume not wisely but very very well indeed. Hence, of course, youth culture.

In non-consumer societies, the young have to make do with adult culture, and must adapt what they can of it to their needs; thus *Gulliver's Travels* is primarily an adult but can also be a children's book. In consumer societies, the adults have to make do with youth culture; thus the most popular television programmes are those where adults are seen playing children's games. This kind of ritual self-abasement is now a commonplace in all our lives, for the dangers of appearing square are so great that few are prepared to take them. What in short this all amounts to is that in a consumer society people don't have fathers any more, since fathers are of small social use. There was a time when children took their parents as a model of all they sought to





be; now they represent all that they must avoid. Young people in the modern world take their standards from their peers and their view of life from the school-fellow (but not the teacher) and the workmate (but not the foreman). They are anti-traditionalist, and they connect not with the past but with the present—which is another way of saying that they believe in conformity, since they have to take their rules from their surroundings. They are not interested in things that have happened before—the phrase "That's been done" is a standard definition of disinterest—and they have no links with the preceding generation, particularly with those who sit in their own home and call themselves mother and father.

Moreover, in a consumer society parents, equally, don't have children any more. The amenable youths who fetched the coal in and lit the fire before going to school and studying hard to become great men and credits to their parents are no longer with us, and would, I suppose, be laughed off the streets if they were. Youth culture nowadays means effectively that the young are of a different species, with their own laws and rules. The transition from one régime to another can be seen conspicuously in the fate of a BBC programme called *Children's Hour*. On this programme middle-aged aunties sang "Polly Put the Kettle On" and serials about healthy English youths outwitting foreign spies were staple diet. Nowadays the programme has been silenced—because children have been abolished—and been replaced by another venture also intended for the young, but featuring such items as "*Just Your Record*. Peter Wheeler plays the Top Pop of the month you were born. There is a brief survey of other important events which occurred on the date of your birth, and 'Madame Eclair' gives her reading of your horoscope for the coming year." Larry the Lamb must be turning in his grave. This kind of preparation for teenagerness can be seen in many other walks of life. There used in England to be a thing called Not Knowing About Sex Until You Were Eighteen. Nowadays we are closer to the American custom of starting dating at eight.

The fact of the matter is that teenagerness is not an age but a state of mind, an ideal condition for our society. Anyone can be a teenager at heart. Teenagerness is in fact the teenager's primary quality and primary mode of self-definition; if he thought of himself as a chap between the age of twelve and twenty he would find himself terribly dull. It was in the invention of the word that the trouble started; personally I always prefer to call them Pubertoids, because this suggests a relation to the rest of society. As it is, in a consumer society, teenagers are separate but equal. They have teenage problems and juvenile delinquency, which is different from other people's problems and other people's delinquency. And this in fact is their sanction.

What this all amounts to in fact is that youth to-day is a form of protest, in an era when protest is fun and very much in style—because normality is old, whereas deviance is new. Protest is the most pressing of fashions. Never were there so many movements, and to be a rebel without a cause these days shows remarkable obtuseness since they are so easy to acquire. The kind of protest involved in the teenage revolution is perhaps conveyed in the current campaign for Votes at 15. "If people want to know why people should have the vote at 15," runs the publicity, "can I ask a simple question. Why are the drinking fountains in the park not working? Why do some cinemas close the ventilating fans during the interval between films? My answer is that they want to sell ice-cream and lemonade, and aren't particular as to the method. Young people must have a quick remedy, the vote." Teenage life is not so easy, you see; there are problems everywhere. The teenage revolution has its aims and its purposes; it is not all rock and flick-knives. And since the campaign is fighting for power on a singularly attractive ticket—cheaper scooters, gramophone records and teenage clothes—it will doubtless soon be granted self-government, as will be most minorities which in a non-consumer society are repressed because of their poor socialisation or lack of responsibility. Since in the modern world these are no longer disabilities, but show in fact a conspicuous adjustment to modern conditions, there seems no reason why they should be opposed. At least they believe in *something*.

Next week: How to Stay Poor in an Affluent Society

Outrage on Wheels

By BEATA BISHOP

ABOUT the only place in the Western world where the crime wave is abating instead of rising is the Paris Métro. At least so it would appear from a periodically published poster headed *Condamnations*, a black-list of Métro crime and punishment, clearly meant to deter as yet blameless passengers. It can be found at almost every station, at the far end of the platform, surrounded by incomprehensible edicts concerning the Ligne de Sceaux.

Condamnations isn't exactly up to date: until a few days ago we were treated to the 1959 crop of justice. It was a lovely long list, rumbling with weird undertones. For while railway hooliganism is virtually unknown in France, the Paris Underground has always been a breeding ground of wild, irresponsible acts. Perhaps one should blame the system (too many opportunities to cheat), or the stern, unfriendly transport authorities who don't even try to improve their public image by sticking pretty posters all over the place. Little wonder if passengers, feeling unwanted and unloved, assume spiteful attitudes.

An analysis of typical trespasses shows that, unlike British transport abusers, French passengers don't damage trains, mainly because it would be too much trouble to do so. The wooden seats are too hard to smash, there are no straps to rip off, and the thick, dirty windows look unbreakable. Instead, the French interfere with every door they can find, especially those beastly automatic ones which slam in your face the moment the train arrives, cutting you off from the platform. Forcing them open draws a fine of 50,000 francs. To force a carriage door only costs 6,000.

The price of wantonly stopping an escalator is 25,000 francs, but hardly anyone ever does it, since escalators are few and far between and even the existing ones only get into motion as you approach them—a nice touch of thrift.

But it's 50,000 francs or 25 days in jail to travel first-class with a second-class ticket—a terrible temptation in the rush hour which the French euphemistically call "hours of great affluence." Almost every ticket inspector travels in mufti, producing his official headgear from a briefcase only after the train has left the station. This adds to the thrills of the game.

Granted, it's an underhand method to use, but beware of losing your temper. Acts of outrage or violence (there were plenty of those in 1959) against agents of the *Régie Autonome des Transports* can lead to three months in prison. Alas, no counter-measure is provided to protect the public against the agents. A little while ago a French housewife, having mistakenly landed on the wrong platform, was so violently uprooted by a ticket-puncher that she threw a fit, passed out and, on coming



"Not another freak potato!"



"Good heavens, do you suppose she meant that—about resigning from the Young Conservatives?"

to, found herself in a mental home. This triggered off another *crise de nerfs*; her family had quite a job to get her released. *And* she didn't get a single old franc by way of compensation.

There were several instances of "causing scandal in a carriage" (40,000 francs). No, it's not what you think, there's a separate heading for that; *outrage à la pudeur* they call it—50,000 francs *and* three months in the clink. Perhaps to confirm the traditional British idea of most Frenchmen being either sex maniacs or alcoholics, being drunk and scandalous draws the same fine.

Begging is very heavily fined, because it's a good racket. The other day I shared a carriage with a fearful gentleman who sang tuneless snatches from what sounded like Corneille's collected works and then passed round the hat. Thanks to his awe-inspiring mien and alcoholic aura he made a packet between the Palais Royal and the Tuileries. As you can spend all day travelling round the network on the same ticket, a professional mendicant has low overheads.

The top crime of 1959, leading to a year's imprisonment, was firing a gun in a carriage. Since *Condamnations* contains no details, one is left wondering whether the shooting had been caused by Algeria or by misguided passion. Personally I feel sure it was the eternal M. Dupont, meek little gunsmith and devoted husband, who noticed his wife in the arms of a man, on the back seat, reserved for aged persons and expectant mothers. His hands must have been pretty shaky, for in France a *crime passionnel* is more severely punished if the attacker bungles the job. (But why do they admit gun-carrying passengers in the first instance?)

Having learnt most of the 1959 list by heart, I was shocked to see how short and dull the 1960 crime-sheet was. Most of the outrages have vanished; violence has thinned out to a minimum Sadder and wiser, Métro passengers no longer project their conflicts in public. And, as is always the way, their new-found virtuousness carries its own punishment.

For behold, are the authorities grateful? Do they have a word of praise for their penitent flock? Far from it. They've thought up some new offences instead. Now they clamp a 6,000-franc fine on anyone who rests his tired feet on the opposite seat.



A Hydro-electric Affair

By H. F. ELLIS

"WATER," they came and told me, "is pouring out of the electric light bulb in the spare room."

I remember thinking how odd this was, because not very long before I had been reading about that fourteen-inch grass snake found in a bottle of milk and had tried to imagine the feelings of whoever found the snake and the incredulity of others in the family to whom the surprising news must have been retailed. "I say, come and look. There's a grass snake in the milk!"—in some such flat, almost deadpan way the impossibility must have been passed from mouth to mouth.

And now here was I, in the middle of a crossword, faced with a situation very nearly on all fours.

In deciding to explain to the general reader how such a phenomenon as water in the electric light circuit can come about, and what can be done to remedy it, I have been influenced simply by a desire to help others. The giving of advice is now a national industry. Newspapers devote a page or two a day to it. Whole publications are devoted to hints and wrinkles, including diagrams. Organisations and institutions exist that can be rung up about almost anything. But the bulk of this advice concerns matters—what to wear, where to go, how to change a washer—of everyday interest, not beyond the ken of the average man or woman. Where there is a gap is in the realm of problems a bit more out of the way than cocktail parties, holidays or dripping taps; it is when the unprecedented or the inexplicable occurs that a helping hand is most welcome. Everybody has *some* idea, without reading Elizabeth Nicholas or Ernestine Carter, that a cool uncrushable bathing dress is indispensable for Majorca; he or she may be utterly at a loss when, let us say, hot jam gushes out of the telephone.*

We have to go back, for a full understanding, to the day when no water came out of the bathroom cold taps. This is a story that ranges from dearth to plenty. Now, in winter, a failure of supply means frost; it may be disastrous but it is not mysterious. In summer it is less common and suggests an early inspection of the main tank or cistern in the loft. The principle of the cistern, as many know, is that a metal ball on the end of a lever rises and falls with the water level, closing a valve when the cistern is about three-quarters full and opening it again, to admit an inrush of mains water, when the level falls. Should the valve become stuck in the closed position, so that the metal float can no longer descend in its water-bed when taps are turned on, the cistern becomes empty. This is what in fact had happened. The tank showed only an inch of mote-flecked liquid below the outflow pipe; the float stuck proudly out at right angles, as though about to demonstrate the motion of the Earth in its annual orbit; not so much as a faint hiss disturbed the slumber of innumerable trunks, teddy bears, stringless rackets and huge discarded mattresses. A sharp tap on the lever freed

* I have not myself, up to the time of writing, had this experience. But I could have said the same, not long ago, about water from electric light bulbs.

the valve, the float dropped through forty-five degrees with the finality of an old-time railway signal announcing that the line was clear, water gushed gladly in, the tank rapidly recharged itself, and nothing whatever came out of the bathroom taps.

Householders should note that this is what they may expect to come out when the tank has been emptied and refilled. The cause is an airlock in the downpipe, which may be removed by attaching a short length of hose to one of the cold taps and sucking. Or it may not. If the plan works, the lungs which have become charged to the brim with stale air tasting strongly of lead and old rats will suddenly be flushed out with a draught of swamp water. If it does not, the only thing to do is to summon professional aid.

The plumbers who came to our assistance not only removed the airlock with some kind of machine but reported that the whole ball valve arrangement was worn out, ricketty and US; and in due course they provided and fitted, as their bill shows,

1—½ HPBV fitting; 1—4½″ copper ball; 1—¾ hex. nipple G; 1—¾ socket G; 1—¾-½ bush G.

And that was that. End of Part One. Followed by a natural break until water was discovered pouring from the electric light bulb.

It was an eerie sight. The main light in the spare room is an ordinary central ceiling fixing, with a shaded bulb suspended by perhaps a foot of flex from the rose. From the bottom of the bulb itself a stream—not mere drops but an uninterrupted stream—cascaded down on the foot of a rather richly eiderdowned bed. It seemed against nature. So oddly does the mind work in emergency that as I stood there, more flabbergasted than I have been since my car's horn sounded when I pressed the trafficator switch, there recurred to me the story, heard long ago, of two Devon farmers discussing the new hydro-electric plant at Chagford. "It do seem out of reason," said one, "to make fire out o' watter." "No," agreed the other, "it don't seem possible. But there—'tis bütiful water to Chaggyford." Was it possible, I asked myself, that the process was now being reversed: that here, in an unremarkable suburban house, electricity was reverting to the element that gave it birth?

This phase of stupidity lasted only an instant of time. Remembering, first, that our electricity here, as supplied by the LEB, is made not of water but coke, and second that what comes down must have gone up, I ascended rapidly to the loft and found the cistern full to the brim and beyond. Far down beneath the gently oscillating surface the new 4½″ copper ball hung motionless at an angle of forty-five degrees, as though weighed down by some tiny Professor Piccard. Once again the valve had stuck, this time in the fully open rather than the fully closed position (perhaps the ¾ hex. nipple G had fouled the ½ HPBV fitting; I don't know, I am not an expert in these things) and the in-rush of MWB best pressurised water had proved too great in the long run for the emergency outflow pipe to cope with it—nobly though the latter had tried, as one could tell by stepping out of the back door into a great lake of water.

The householder will not need to be told that the first thing to do in a situation of this kind is to roll up the sleeve, plunge the arm into the cistern and give the ball lever a smart tap, which releases the stuck valve, restores



"You'll have to speak to Harvey. If there's one thing I'm not having it's erotic topiary."

the float to a horizontal position, and cuts off the inrush of water. After this the bathroom taps may be turned on to reduce the level in the tank to normal, a watch being kept on the float to ensure that it does not stick in the closed position, thus emptying the tank and causing an airlock. These preliminaries completed, the householder is at leisure to return to the spare room and review the hydro-electric scheme.

The flow from the bulb, estimated at about one-quarter watt-gallons per minute, had now been augmented by two or three other waterfalls of varying capacity, and a number of bulges or blisters in the ceiling showed where only the lining paper was holding up further cascades. It was clear that the overflow from the cistern, working its way down between the floorboards of the loft, had now spread itself over a wide area of that curious ridgy compost of lath and plaster of which the upper surface of a ceiling is composed. Naturally, this flood had taken advantage of the first available hole, originally intended for electricity, and running easily down the flex had attempted, via the bulb, to find its own level. Later, as the volume of water increased, it had found other exits through small cracks and crevices. Confronted by such a situation, the householder should reflect that, as water continues to descend in quantity though the source of supply has been cut off, a considerable reservoir must exist above the ceiling. There is no ready means of ascertaining its volume, but obviously if it is measured in many gallons its weight may soon bring the whole ceiling down. There is a need for speedy drainage, and this can most easily be affected by widening one of the existing cracks. It is a strange experience to stand on a chair in one's own spare room, drive a screwdriver through the ceiling and instantly to be soaked from head to foot; but I doubt whether there is a better way. In all I punctured the ceiling in seven places, somewhat after the manner in which dropsy used, I believe, to be relieved, and the total quantity of fluid released certainly proved that quick action had been necessary to avert a disaster. It was no surprise to me at all, despite an adroit use of eleven buckets, when they came and told me that water was coming out of the electric light bulb in the dining room.

The Perils in Publishing

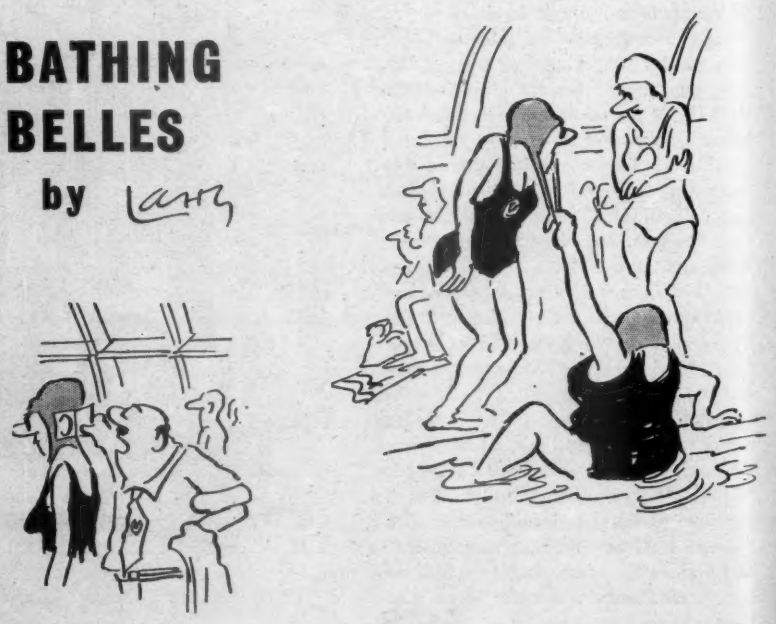
By HENRY McDOWELL

NOBODY warned me that publishing was full of bright young men in bow ties, and dedicated girls who got livid with their parents for going to bed with popular paperbacks. All of them at Badger and Cragett—even the children's editor, who was three feet high and stocked-up on marshmallow mice on the first of the month—all of them wrote books in their spare time; books that were hopelessly influenced by whatever manuscript they happened to read between lunch and tea.

"I must have more time for my writing," was the usual cry-from-the-heart, before someone left to hunger in Spain or Camberwell Green.

Badger and Cragett's Mrs. Tappit "on reception" reminded me of my favourite nurse at a home for alcoholics, and rumour had it that she'd been a policewoman. It was her job to keep the cranks effectively at bay, and only once in a while did someone frighteningly mad or extra nippy get past her and up the stairs. There was the case of the girl in the smelly mackintosh with a cat perched on her shoulder and an ageing father-figure in tow. All three of them took Mrs. Tappit by storm (she was shining-up her spectacles) and arrived in the office of one of the dedicated girls who happened to have a passion for preying plants and busy lizzies. Her little room was a bower of green things, and when the cat went to work in one of the plant pots it promptly sealed the fate of poor Smellymac's autobiographical novel, about a girl who "left no stone unturned in literary London."

The most glamorous part of my job in the publicity department was escorting authors to the television studios. Some of them were rich, like the strip-cartoonist whose wife had such a *bulky* mink that when she sat down she got



wedged and became very over-heated in struggling to free herself. Another was the American-born princess described by her agent as having "class, movie-star appeal, and a gripful of gee-gaws."

"I've gotten viewability," she hollered, arriving in black lace, white fox and a halter of pearls for a television show. All the technicians whistled, and the female interviewer walked out saying someone was trying to make her look funny. The princess was a great success, even though her ghosted memoirs refused to sell, and at a rough estimate I'd say she handed out five dozen finely engraved cards with the remark "If you're ever near me, honey, stop by and say hello."

When Captain Moses Savage turned his back on the island of Tusk and appeared in London for the publication of his bird-book, he developed a passion for the Underground. The Piccadilly line at rush hour excited him so much that he gave a perfect imitation of an owl killing a mouse as the train left Tottenham Court Road. People were seen beating on the windows at Leicester Square, and at least two typists who had never heard an owl before were treated for shock. Captain Savage narrowly escaped arrest by the railway police, and one hour later I had the misfortune to be with him when he gave a repeat performance in a taxi. Our driver disappeared at a run into Hyde Park, and that evening the papers asked: HAVE YOU SEEN BIRDFACE? THIS MAN IS DANGEROUS.

"He doesn't like us because we're foreigners," said the Wildenheimers when I had to deal with them.

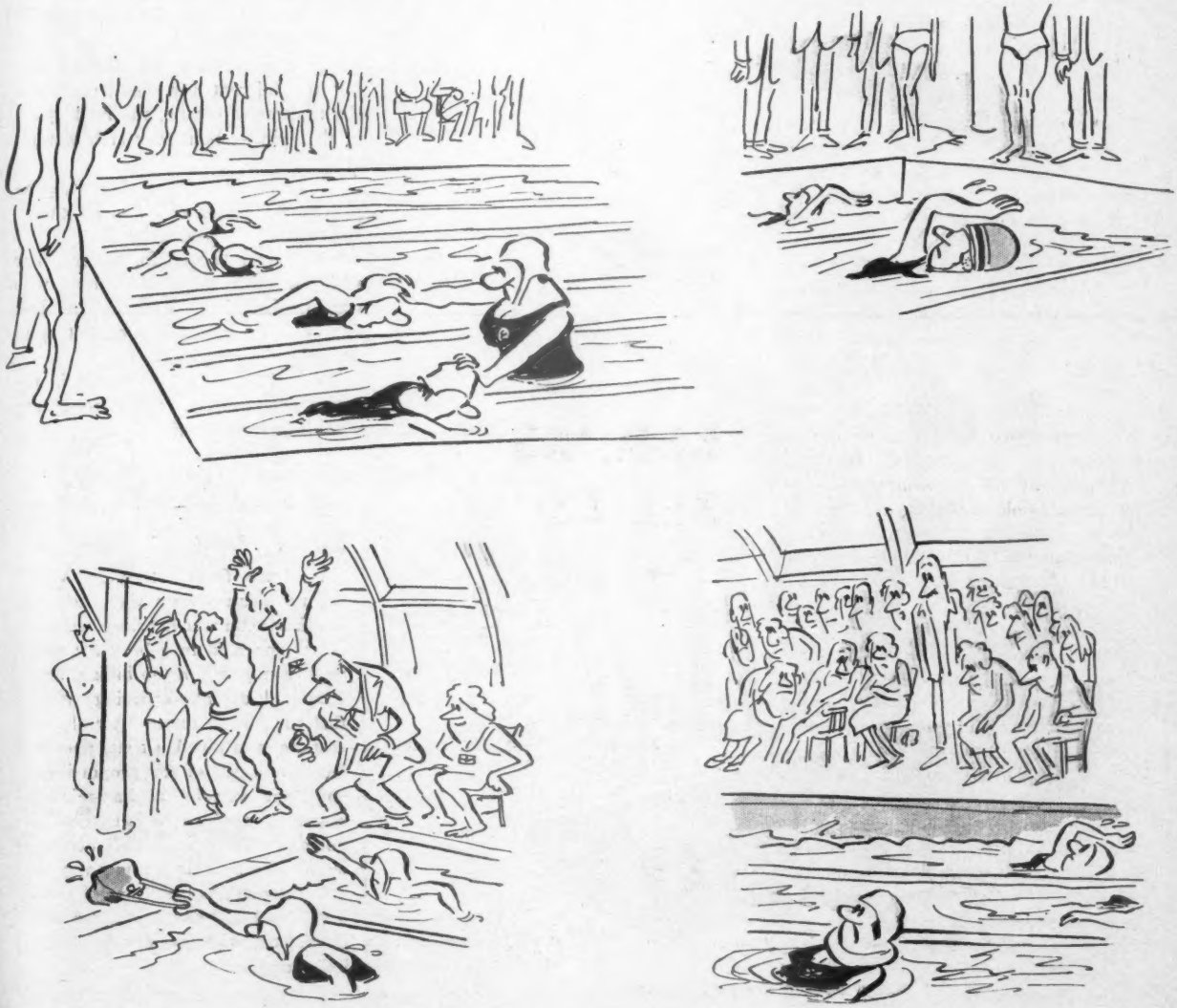
"Nonsense," I said. "Who doesn't like you anyway?"

"The man at the railway station bookstall, he picked on us because we asked if our book was on sale."

"He is against us," muttered Mrs. Wildenheimer. "He is our enemy."

"Nonsense," I said again. "Let's go along and talk to him."

When we reached the bookstall I began to thumb through a paperback



and the Wildenheimer's enemy came up and snatched it away from me.

"He's against you too," they nodded grimly.

"Stop it," I yelled. "You've got persecution mania."

"You're not *for* us either," shrieked Mrs. Wildenheimer, and the pair of them disappeared into the crowd.

"Trouble-makers, should go back to where they came from," growled the bookstall man. "And I'd thank *you* not to finger my novels with your motoring gloves."

Back at the office they asked how I'd got on, and I said "fine" and felt guilty. How was I to know that the Wildenheimers would reach a stage when, not only did they haunt the station bookstall, but followed the manager home as well? Night after night they stood on the rockery outside the sitting-room window of a little house in Carshalton Beeches, watching the family watching the telly. Eventually, just as a policeman was staring fixedly over the privet hedge with a whistle between his teeth, Mrs. Wildenheimer hurled a concrete toadstool through the leaded lights—and the office blamed me.

Agnes Turpin, the author of an exciting travel book, had previously worked on the staff of a glossy magazine, so I was sent to see the editor about a two-page spread on Agnes. Getting to see editors can be tricky, as one is usually interrogated first and then promised two minutes flat or just a quick word on the bend of the stairs.

I was greeted at the very grand offices of *Fabulous* by a young man wearing a violet satin tie. When he showed me into Mrs. Gully's office straight away, I had a nasty feeling that (*a*) she was waiting for me, and (*b*) she was handcuffed. (I realise now it was the general impression of rattling bracelets, his and hers.) Mrs. Gully's hair was as crisp as a cornflake and two shades lighter, and her spectacles looked like a pair of converted Georgian shoe-buckles. The awful thing was that when I placed the advance copy of *Rambles in the Andes* on her blotter, her smile jelled. Out of the corner of my eye I saw her hand creep towards the paper knife. Was this the end of my career in publishing? (It was actually, but in a different way.) As I calculated the chances of escape, the book got it in the spine—about four stab wounds in all.

"I never *liked* Miss Turpin," explained the editor of *Fabulous*, calmly handing me the pieces.

Next day I begged for an interview with the chairman of the group, who was neither Mr. Badger nor Mr. Cragett but a kindly man caught up in the web of big business.

"Your honour, sir," I yelled in my native brogue, "holy fly, I must have more time for my writing."



"I always wear a dress under mine."

BLACK MARK . . . No. 19

. . . for film distributors who reissue pictures from way back in which an actor who has since become a star appeared in a bit part; and who then give him top billing, and thus gull us into believing either that the film is recent after all, or that the actor billed as a star does in fact play a part of star proportions, and not merely a half-minute sequence in which he is shot off a horse or slides a bottle of liquor the length of a bar. Is this any way to get customers to break out of their TV armchairs and make for the dilapidated tip-ups of the local Palais de Luxe?



The Dove Chase

WE knew them long ago; there is applause
For voices that protest, for eyes that weep,
For bottoms stiffening in a noble cause——
To jerk us out of sleep.

We have been here before; we knew in vain
The Peace Pledge toted round from door to door,
The sacrificial marches in the rain,
The dedicated roar.

We know the eyes that glisten, and we know
The innocent blind groping after good,
By doubting ally and derisive foe
So well misunderstood.

We have been here before; it made us wary
Of impulses, no matter how, to *act*
On notions so divinely right in theory,
So deadly wrong in fact.

Peace is a by-product; and not created
By one enormous gesture of goodwill
Or dreams that man be overnight translated
To goodness out of ill.

Peace is a by-product; and is ensued
By chasing mercy as we now chase gold,
Accepting that our deeds be misconstrued,
By chasing justice always, everywhere,
By never getting people in our hair,
Or feeling step-by-step is just a bore,
By being level-eyed and calm and cold
And positive and passionate, and more
Like Mr. Hammarskjöld.

— PENELOPE HUNT





Take the Biscuit

AS an investment a group of shares which has stood up well to the test of an affluent society is "food, drink and tobacco." Companies in the food and drink trade are less vulnerable to the swings of the business cycle than those in manufacturing industry or engaged in the production of industrial raw materials. The capital goods industries are notorious switchback riders on the scenic railway of the economic cycle. Consumer goods can and do take a terrible beating when the authorities have to apply corrective action through hire-purchase restrictions and dearer credit. The raw material producers are the orphans of any economic storm.

In good or less good times, however, people go on eating and drinking. In fact psychologists tell us that there is such a phenomenon as "compensatory eating and drinking," i.e. over-indulgence, in times of stress. It is true that economists are wont to illustrate their exposition of the elasticity of demand by pointing to bread as a good example of inelasticity. A man can eat so much of it and no more. Affluence, therefore, will beyond a certain point make little difference to the consumption of this and other basic foods. The demand for them, just like the human stomach, is elastic up to a point but no further.

This, however, is where the Marie Antoinette myth comes in. Long after she was supposed to have uttered the famous phrase, the people are in fact eating cake (and biscuits). They are doing so long before the elasticity of the demand for bread has reached anything like breaking point.

Impressive testimony to this phenomenon has been provided by Mr. W. Garfield Weston, the chairman of Associated British Foods, at the recent meeting of that company. Through this holding company Mr. Weston has built up a powerful and efficient group of wholesale and retail bakers and has diversified its activities by acquiring grocery, ice-cream and kindred interests. The company now controls around 100 of such subsidiaries which all told represent assets worth more than £60 million.

The profits have been climbing very satisfactorily, but wholly as a result of increasing turnover. Last year the increase in sales was one of £20 million to £163 million. To those who may question whether the Weston group is heeding the call for a "pause" in profits, let it be pointed out that the present profit margin on its operations is the very modest one of about 6¾*d.* for every £1 of sales. The whole of last year's increase in profits came from increased sales. It will remain the policy of the company to pass the main benefits of greater efficiency and larger business to those who consume its products. Although this puts an immediate limit to what may be in store for shareholders by way of dividends, it holds the promise of continued expansion and fully justifies the flattering valuation of a 1·7 per cent yield which the market places on the shares.

Another section of the provision trade which is doing reasonably well is that concerned with the manufacture of soft drinks. Showerings of "Baby Cham" fame have diversified their previous narrow interest in pear cider by a merger with Vine Products and Whiteways. Now comes the news that J. Lyons & Co. and Schweppes have reached a marketing agreement for the distribution of some of their fruit drinks. Is this the harbinger of still closer collaboration between these two firms? The question is being asked in the market.

The cataract of soft drinks—occasionally reinforced by a little of the "hard stuff"—flowing down British gullets, is swelling apace. In due course it will also swell the dividends accruing to shareholders — LOMBARD LANE

* * *



Oysters

OYSTERS are no comparatively new delicacy. The Chinese may have been first in the field to culture them, but present day methods are based more on the Roman practice 2,000 years ago. Even in those days Colchester Natives were better than anything available in the Mediterranean, and there was a brisk trade exporting them home to Rome. Incidentally, to qualify for the name Native, an oyster must have grown between Orford Ness and South Foreland.

Overfishing and the pollution of many beds near the mouths of rivers teeming with domestic sewage and industrial effluent have reduced the oyster population of the country. The average annual harvest is less than ten million, about a third of these having been imported (mainly from Portugal) and laid to grow in oyster beds. Nevertheless, in various parts of the country, notably in Cornwall where the water is warmer, increasing quantities of spat are collected for relaying. But the fattest and meatiest oysters come from beds on London clay.

There is a lot to be said for growing something which cannot escape and does not have to be fed, but poor weather and storms can destroy large numbers of oysters. Only some waters have the right foods. An oyster cannot discriminate over its food. It has to take what comes. Only certain kinds of plankton produce the correct growth.

Oysters breathe normally, but the oxygen they need depends on the temperature of the water. When relatively cold, hibernation sets in. This means that if kept at a low enough temperature, oysters can live for some weeks without even being within sight of water.

Between June and September oysters spat (or spawn). No mating between different oysters is necessary, and they may change sex repeatedly during the course of a season. One oyster produces about half a million spat. If all survived, they would be in the same category as beer instead of champagne. As it is, all but about ten of them usually are washed out to sea during the two days they spend swimming about in water. The survivors sink to the bottom and cling to shells and rocks.

Although full-grown after three years, it is about six years before an oyster reaches prime condition for the table. If left in the water no doubt it would live to a venerable age. — JOHN GASELEE

"STRICTLY BETWEEN OURSELVES..."

by ffolkes



"I have for long nursed doubts about I Corinthians XIV, 34."



"You're no ruddy Pavlova yourself, darling."



"Beige is out next season."



"I hate jazz."



"Unload carbons."

"The CIGS is plastered."





CRITICISM

AT THE PLAY

The Fantasticks (APOLLO THEATRE)

LATE in the day, fresh from holiday, I have caught up with *The Fantasticks*, a musical version, by two American writers Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, of Edmond Rostand's *Les Romanesques*. It is something of a theatrical freak that has had a long run in New York and has a curious history. The original, first produced in London in 1900, was revived a few years later by B. Iden Payne at the Manchester Rep, and recently Mr. Payne brought the play to the attention of Mr. Jones and Mr. Schmidt, who were studying drama under him at Texas University.

It is the love story, very simply produced on an almost bare stage, of a girl and boy whose fathers egg them on by pretending to be deadly enemies. When the plotters consider the time ripe for action, they hire a professional bandit (who also acts as the singing narrator) to stage an abduction from which the boy can rescue his girl with glory. This stratagem works well, until one of the fathers lets the cat out of the bag, when the mothers part in anger and the fathers rebuild the wall they have torn down between their gardens; the girl mopes, and the boy goes off to see the world, which he finds disillusioning, and very soon everyone is happily reunited.

It must be admitted that Mr. Jones's lyrics are pretty bad and are of a cloying sentimentality; Mr. Schmidt's music is rather better. What really saves the piece is the nimble acting of a good cast and the fact that it is intermittently and quite unexpectedly funny. The bandit has as his assistants two ancient Shakespearean actors, one the tottering wreck of an old-world ham Thespian, gone in the wind and far gone in the staggers, the other a crock whose proud boast it is that for forty years he has been dying on the stage in every position and with every vocal accompaniment known to man. When these are present the piece becomes hilarious; they are played with the greatest comic gusto by John Wood and John Cater.

And the lovers, when they are not up to their necks in beautiful rainbow thoughts, have a kind of naïve charm. Stephanie Voss is very fresh and spirited as the girl, and Peter Gilmore matches her in simple ardour. They both sing well, and so does Terence Cooper as the bandit-narrator. The fathers, two uncomplicated old gardeners, are attractively taken by Timothy Bateson and Michael Barrington. The whole thing relies on utter artificiality, both in the writing and in Word Baker's production. It works only part of the time.

— ERIC KEOWN

ON THE AIR

Infinite Variety

WITH considerable satisfaction I observe that the word International is now appearing more regularly in the TV programmes. Those of us who thought ten years ago that Eurovision would soon be followed by Atlantavision and that the BBC's fare would thereafter be rescued from dull repetitive parochialism have been sadly disappointed. Precious little, apart from sport, has come our way over the Eurovision link and virtually all our viewing holidays have perforce been spent at home. But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks? It is the blush of the *Golden Rose*, a series of TV programmes entered for an international variety contest held at Montreux earlier this year.

Miraculously to my mind the competition was won by our very own BBC's *Black and White Minstrel Show*, an item that I seldom find alluring enough to keep my set alight. And in the judges' verdict there must, I suppose, be a lesson for all concerned—that custom stales infinite home-grown variety, or if you like that a change is better than a rest. The point is that I have thoroughly enjoyed these foreign offerings in spite of all their manifest weaknesses. Assessed professionally, in terms of set-craft, lighting, production and performing expertise, the British show was undoubtedly a winner, and I dare say we could find half a dozen leaves from the ITN and BBC programmes at least as commendable as the B. and W.M. Show. What gave the runners-up so much appeal was their freshness and outlandishness. And—let's be fair—it is nearly always an advantage when viewing variety not to understand the jokes.

The Italian entry *Giardino d'Inverno*, or *Winter Garden*, which won the Silver Rose trophy, came nowhere near second in my estimation, but it was an extremely amusing and brilliantly gay concoction. It confirmed many of the distant notions I have long held about Italians, that their women are all seven feet tall and their men dwarfs, that their singing is grossly overrated, and that their sense of design, in spite of Olivetti and Fiat and Milan AC, has a league or two of leeway to make up. Most of the programme turned out to be a burlesque of life in Britain, complete with Big Ben, bowler hats, afternoon tea, Colonel Bogey, Highland flings and so on. It came as something of a shock to realise that Italian audiences *like* this sort of thing, for I had always supposed that only the British indulged in such mythical foreign figures of fun as frog-eating Frenchmen, wooden-clogged and baggy-trousered Dutchmen, Apache-dancing Latins, yodelling Swiss, thigh-slapping Austrians and Russians with snow on their boots. It was strangely gratifying. No Englishmen, certainly, would ever take offence at such mockery —or at *any* mockery: it would never occur to an Englishman that such invitations could be anything but the sincerest form of flattery. In particular I liked the "Kessler Twins," the gallumphing "Bluebell Girls," and the man who sang about foggy London town in a GI raincoat and a thick American accent.

More, please, of such international drolleries.

The BBC is currently running a Saturday night dancing programme called *The Trad Fad, and all that Jazz*—which sounds as though it had first seen the light in America. When last I saw TV on the American networks this kind of thing was all the rage, so I suppose it had to happen here. It is genial stuff in small doses, provided that the trad music is of the highest class, and that the viewer would rather watch than jive. For the active I would recommend the Light's *Trad Tavern* where the beat is solid, the trad pepped with progressive (small p), and the leader is Chris Barber.

— BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

AT THE PICTURES

Web of Passion
Come September
Il Grido

FOR some time we have been hearing about *A Double Tour*, which the publicity people here are hoarsely calling *Web of Passion* (Director: Claude Chabrol); at last it has arrived at the International Film Theatre, and proves to be a curiously miscellaneous experience. Considered as a whole, it must I suppose be classified as a whodunit; but to anyone seeing it without knowing about it this description would not occur until about three-quarters of the way through. True, for the first minute or two the camera slowly roves and peers about a dishevelled room, and among the confusion of other objects and small works

PUNCH EXHIBITIONS

"Covering *Punch*," a selection of 80 artists' original *Punch* covers, is at Brighton Art Gallery and Museum until October 8.

"*Punch* in the Theatre" at Central Library, Plymouth, until October 13.

of art there is a glimpse of something or part of something that may be a body—but it is only a glimpse, the film is in brilliant colour, the room is unusually designed and furnished (in the Japanese style), and our main feeling is aesthetic interest mingled with curiosity. There is certainly no time, or reason, for any sensation of shock or horror. Then, at once, back to the beginning of the story, before the murder; and the mood and style of this are such that we—or at any rate I—forget that there is to be any question of murder at all.

The tone in fact is almost light-hearted in the first sequences, when the Marcoux household is introduced by way of the kittenish maid, Julie, as she shows off her physical charms at her bedroom window for the benefit of the gardener and the milkman. Even when we know the other characters the story seems to be taking the path of "strong" family drama . . . but gradually it becomes clear that here is an explosive situation. The family is divided: the husband is having a passionate affair with the beautiful Italian (Antonella Lualdi) who lives close by, and the wife and the son and daughter are aware of it. Thérèse, the wife (Madeleine Robinson), is obsessed with the idea of avoiding a scandal, but she has grown to hate her husband and goads him into hating her. The son is on her side, the daughter not only supports her father but has given the run of the house to Laszlo, a beatnik friend (Jean-Paul Belmondo) with whom she is infatuated. The situation is explored for some time, Laszlo's behaviour becoming more outrageous, and the quarrels between husband and wife more bitter. Then, the murder; and the point is, suddenly, to guess who did it, which for anyone accustomed to murder stories is not very difficult.

The piece is in fact an unsatisfactory mixture if considered as a whole; but it is continuously interesting and entertaining, and visually (colour photography by Henri Decae) full of memorable beauty. It's an odd film, but well worth seeing.

Some writers have put on the same level the two American comedies shown this time; but *Come September* (Director: Robert Mulligan) seems to me incalculably more enjoyable and successful in its line than *The Marriage-Go-Round*. It has far more genuine wit, verbal and visual; it has more pace; and above all, its effects are not over-emphasised, not rubbed in. It's a glossy triviality, mere momentary entertainment, not only without anything important to say but without any real characters; but as such, it is done with remarkable and satisfying intelligence and it sparkles, as I say, with genuine wit. *The Marriage-Go-Round*, equally trivial, is by comparison heavy-footed and slow, relying for much of its appeal on the mere shock of its central idea. There are still too many people who take the will for the deed, assuming that a film based on a comic idea must be funny.

To outline the story of *Come September* is really pointless; what makes it enjoyable is the skill with which quite simple comic effects are put together, timed, made to reinforce each other. The girl (Gina Lollobrigida) beginning to take off her wedding clothes as she talks on the telephone to an earlier love (Rock Hudson); the drunk budgerigar; even such simple points—and they are innumerable—as someone's being startled, in a quiet moment, by the unexpected closing of a door. There are faults—some parts of the picture are over-musicked, one early episode goes on too long—but I enjoyed it.

I feel a little guilty at leaving *Il Grido* (Director: Michelangelo Antonioni) till last, for undeniably it is the most profound, the most "important" of the week's pictures, and Antonioni is a great man. But . . . well, this, which was made in 1957, simply did not give me as much pleasure, in its field, as the others did in theirs. *L'Avventura* I found fascinating; but this earlier, rougher, more obvious work is altogether less successful.

The plan of the narrative is what in the world of lighter fiction is called picaresque. Aldo (Steve Cochran) has been living for years with Irma (Alida Valli). The film begins as she hears of the death of her husband, which leaves her free to marry Aldo; but she tells him she loves someone else. Angry and miserable, he goes away with their young daughter and wanders about the country, taking any job that offers and trying two or three times without success to settle down with other girls. Each time his hopes come to nothing, and gradually he works his way back to Irma—only to be driven to despair by a glimpse of her with a new-born child by her new husband.

As in any picaresque story, the details of character and place are what one remembers, and some of them are admirable. But the character of the man himself fails to come over; not because of any lack of ability on the part of Mr. Cochran, but because he has no chance of showing it. Here is simply a man to whom various things happen, a man deeply in love with a woman who has ceased to love him. He tries to find someone else, and we remember the women who don't succeed in pleasing him (the girl he was once engaged to, the feather-headed tart, the brisk gay girl with the filling-station); but his own character is shadowy, he is just a man who has a succession of experiences. He ought to be memorable in himself.

— RICHARD MALLETT



ANTONELLA LUALDI as Léda in *Web of Passion*

BOFFINS FOR BRITAIN



"Couple of shots of this and the Inter-school Sports Trophy is in the bag."



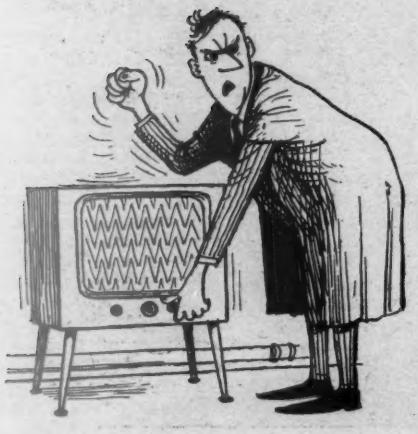
"Straight to the lab and we'll give him the saliva test."



"Stand back, sir, or we'll all go up together."



"It's all a matter of chemistry."



"Who was top in electronics?"



"You shout 'eureka' just once more."

Booking Office



WISH FULFILMENT

By JOHN BOWEN

The Old Men at the Zoo. Angus Wilson. *Secker and Warburg*, 18/-

ONCE on a Number 14 bus I sat in front of an old tired Frenchman, who was trying to explain to an English sub-deb the meaning of the word *voulu* as he had applied it to the Epstein statuary at Bowater House. After a while she said, "You mean, sculptors and that sort of person—they oughtn't to *mean* what they do?" *Voulu* vanished from my reviewer's vocabulary as a term of derogation from then on, and has become instead a term of praise. In this sense it may be applied to the work of Angus Wilson.

Mr. Wilson's work is *intentional*. He has been accused of too much concern with literature instead of life, on the ground that *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes* was a "Dickensian" novel, *The Middle Age of Mrs. Eliot* a "Flaubertian" novel. But this is to misunderstand his intention. His writing life has been a constant feeling his way—advance, consolidate, and advance again; he began with the concise and bitchy brilliance of the short stories, jumped to a novel with *Hemlock and After*, then went first wide, then deep, wrote a play for the theatre and television plays as well as much criticism, and now, in *The Old Men at the Zoo*, takes over the "power" territory of C. P. Snow, enriching it, as Sir Charles has never done, with wit, with compassion, with a real moral concern. This is all very confusing for some of Mr. Wilson's admirers, who would rather he stayed put, but Mr. Wilson persists in growing.

His technical development then, is *voulu*, but Mr. Wilson is also a person, and the direction of his interests, the growth of his ideas, reflect the sort of person he is. Mr. Wilson is a humanist, a radical; intellectually and emotionally he descends, it may be said, from the Bloomsbury Group. But his talent has matured at a time when the Bloomsbury ethos has been shown not to work very well (though it's doubtful whether anything else works much better), and one of Mr. Wilson's preoccupations has been to get beneath the Bloomsbury surface and see what hides there. He did it in the short story, *Such Darling Dodos*, and more completely in his play, *The Mulberry Bush*. Now in *The Old Men at the Zoo* his hero-narrator, Simon Carter, is a liberal in decay, very much a liberal of 1961 projected into 1970, when the action of the book is held to take place. He sees no way in which his broad liberal principles may be applied to the narrow complexity of things as they are, and increasingly opts out of his responsibilities as a person and a citizen to take refuge in administration. "For forms of government," he quotes, "let fools contest. The one that's best administered is best."

Carter is Secretary to the Zoo. His narrative begins with a giraffe, which runs amok and kills a keeper. He knows that there should be an enquiry into the incident, but nobody seems to want one, and he allows himself to be persuaded that it would do more harm than good. At first, Carter is concerned with comparatively minor matters, and notably with the struggle for power between Sir Robert Falcon, Curator of Mammals, and the Zoo's Director, Dr. Leacock, both of them also studies in decay. Falcon represents Conservatism gone to Betjemanian seed, Leacock is a Radical who has replaced the idea of "limited liberty" (i.e. as much as is good for you) for that of liberty as being the exercise of individual responsibility. Liberty thus held down may take odd turns, and Leacock's own career falls to pieces when his daughter imprudently attempts to have sex with an Alsatian dog.

By geometrical progression, private difficulty becomes public disaster, and each compromise Carter makes is greater. Towards the close of the book, England, badly defeated in a European war, has come under the control of a Neo-Fascist group, who have the monstrous idea of using the Zoo for gladiatorial combats. It takes that much to make Carter revolt, but he has already destroyed his private life and has taken on a public tarnish; his ambition is to become Director, but at the end he is told that he has been "associated with a very bad period." The novel ends with a question. Playing with her toys, Carter's small daughter, Violet, says, "A giraffe couldn't kill anyone. Could it, Daddy? A rotten old giraffe." Carter answers, "I hope not. I'm not sure yet." We do not know whether Carter can be salvaged, and although one feels that Mr. Wilson would like that, he is compelled by honesty to leave the question open.

Beyond the Press



LORD BEAVERBROOK

"Glasgow Evening Citizen"

OTHER NEW NOVELS

Every Advantage. John Verney. *Collins*, 16/-

A Lament for Barney Stone. Robert Glynn Kelly. *Macmillan*, 16/-

Abbie and Arthur. Dane Chandos. *Michael Joseph*, 15/-

Just for the Record. Stanley Price. *Michael Joseph*, 12/6

MR. JOHN VERNEY is a tender-hearted ironist whose writing makes a sound I particularly fancy. One of his special gifts is the ability to lead a reader through multiple digressions and a complicated maze of plot, pointing out charming wild flowers in corners and cunning passages of topiary without anyone worrying about how to get out or how one got in in the first place.

Every Advantage is an investigation of the nature of one rum but enormously likeable man, fifty-year-old Paul Pot, not at all successful small-time publisher, well on the way towards becoming an eccentric. His wife has gone off, in clearly a not too permanent way, with his



"What are we—cowards? Let's make Wedgwood!"

one selling author, he is in the habit of drinking a little too much, and in between making plans for visiting his son's prep school for the Father's Match and buying a loud sports car he is completing his autobiography. By the end of the book one knows and cares an astonishing amount about him: he is blind in one eye from a careless forceps delivery, hasn't bought a new pair of shoes for some years, thinks of himself fleetingly as d'Artagnan, spent his childhood in India and lost both parents in a scandalous tragedy, believes he is illegitimate, sees "only connect" as the essence of the batsman's art in cricket. Pot's point of view is gentle, spiked with a tart wit and governed by genuine humility and forgiveness. The book is witty, strange and oddly disturbing, and contains curious false-appearances-reconciliation-happy-ending elements of fairy-story. "Civilised" is the word the jacket uses—it's not one I like to pick up too often as these days you never know where it's been, but in this case I'm delighted to agree.

A Lament for Barney Stone, written in strangely ornate and not ineffective prose, is about an extraordinarily unsullied professor of English Literature in a small American university who is on the edge of becoming Dean and finds himself toying recklessly with a luscious but aging female student. The joke goes on too long, but there are passages of savagely comic horror: Stone, once aware of life's rich possibilities, suddenly and appallingly finds that every girl he passes is "stooping over in great difficulty, holding herself in several places at once, adjusting or fastening something." I am also fond of the keen student who corners Stone with remorseless questions: "As I was running through Shakespeare the other night . . . I found, just everywhere, sir, these phallic symbols . . . At every crisis, climax, pivotal speech—a veritable cluster of phallic symbols . . . Swords, pikes, staves, arrows, bastions— . . . lances, tubes, rods, pillars . . ."

I am not myself addicted to Aunt-literature in which chic old ladies buzz about being bad-mannered in an enchanting upper-class way (outrageous, vital, irascible, lively, indefatigable, maddening, hectoring, adorable, rattle some of the quoted notices of Mr. Chandos's earlier Abbie, and after that little list there seems no adjective one can decently add). Abbie is Lady Abbott-Acland, a quaint battle-axe with pots of money and an adorable, outrageous, etc., habit of snitching any amount of writing paper from Wormwood Scrubs, the Old Bailey and Lambeth Palace, on which she writes boldly idiosyncratic letters to her half-American nephew Dane, addressing him as Darling Boy.

And *Just for the Record* is the personal narrative of George Plumb, now James Breedin, who has written his best-selling life-story and a successful musical that is "a sort of smuttied-up *Mousetrap*, only with singing mice." He drives a Mercedes, lives in a rather smart place called The Mew, is catnip to thin models and has hand-tailored his own do-it-yourself literary career. In Breedin's sharp Soho-American Mr. Price delivers some jolly and often very funny swipes at New Progressives in general and in the writing trade in particular. A *roman* moderately, I imagine, *à clef*, it is spun out too long, but has all the likeable good cheer of a sustained rude noise in the direction of all in Contemporary Art that England currently holds most dear.

— SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

MILTON AND GOD

Milton's God. William Empson. *Chatto and Windus*, 25/-

A marvellous book, but wrong. Professor Empson comes out strongly pro-Milton and anti-God. He gives the whole of *Paradise Lost* that clear, intense attention which his own poems demand, noting, for instance, and interpreting the only occasion in the epic when the word "all" receives a capital letter. He draws with graceful diffidence on the scholarship of those learned in the remoter

THE BEECHAM LEGEND

Thomas Beecham: an Independent Biography. Charles Reid. *Gollancz*, 21/-
Sir Thomas Beecham. A Memoir. Neville Cardus. *Collins*, 12/6

Two books, about as different as they could be, on the incredible "Tommy" Beecham—as much an artist in conversation as in music, contradictory, stubborn, self-satisfied, humbug and genius. Charles Reid's carefully detailed and factual work is unbiased and critical (in both the stern sense of that overworked word and in the happier of grateful assessment) and though at some pains to uncover the feet of clay never loses sight of Beecham's immense personality or of the pure gold of many of his performances. Neville Cardus perhaps feels the warmth and sway of personal relationship with a recently lost friend, and writes with indulgent affection in his memoir—little over one quarter the length of Reid's book.

Beecham was a wag, a deliberate shocker rather than a wit, and as contradictory in his pronouncements as in his conducting. Tackled on his inconsistence in conversation with a celebrated musician (who was putting forward ideas on Handel that Beecham had frequently used as his own) he said "Well, you don't expect me to agree with that old nitwit do you?" But his word on musicologists is shrewd and salutary, even if acid and, like all generalisations, not always true: "a breed who could read music but couldn't hear it." He never by any chance seemed dissatisfied with his own part in a performance, yet frequently lost touch with his singers and players when conducting from memory, and sometimes broke down altogether. He was, nevertheless, of all conductors the most inspired by that sense of "the reality beyond the notes which is the ultimate truth of any music" and the most apt to convey to his forces something of his own slants and fervours. Fervour is the key-word of his life, found in the brilliant intensity of his conducting, his attraction of equally intense partisanship and dislike, the lavish spending of a great fortune on music, and his feeling that he must be in a state of perpetual opposition to everything.

— JOHN DURRANT

reaches of Gnosticism, and with point on the reactions of his own oriental students. Though he disagrees with Lewis's *Introduction* he is generous with his praise of that noble pamphlet. (I wish he'd brought in *Perelandra*, Lewis's odd attempt at Paradise Not Lost). And he ends with an athletic attack on Christianity, which anyone interested in the Faith should read to know what he's up against.

This is no place to defend that Faith; but Professor Empson is, I think, too briskly mechanical in his assumptions about the crucial business of our free will and God's foreknowledge and seems all the time to believe that God ought to behave like some sort of super-saint, and democratic at that. God can be nothing if not theocratic.

But one could not ask for a better guide to the breadth and precision of Milton's thought, even if Professor Empson makes too little allowance for Milton's passions, especially his hatred of evil. — PETER DICKINSON

LOWDOWN

View From The West. Claud Cockburn. *MacGibbon and Kee*, 21/-

Though amusing and readable, the third volume of Mr. Cockburn's discursive autobiography is less frenetically entertaining than its predecessors. As it opens when he is gravely ill in a sanatorium, a more serious tone is natural enough. Mr. Cockburn's comments on contemporary themes seem to be getting slightly more closely related. He no longer chases different hares in each paragraph; but while he talks a lot about his Communist days he is still cagey about why he joined and why he left the Party. There is less gossip, though the hilarious account of planning a new weekly for Hulton's shows him at his anecdotal best.

The heroes of the book are Mr. Maurice Richardson, the Irish and Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge. The inside story of *Punch* during the years of Mr. Cockburn's close connection with it is an eye-opener and has been read with wonder around the office.

— R. G. G. PRICE

STRAINED LOYALTIES

Helen All Alone. William Buchan. *Duckworth*, 16/-. Secret Service lassie sent as governess to ambassador behind Iron Curtain to prevent his imminent defection. Good atmosphere of shops that aren't really shops and nurses who aren't really nurses and some good descriptive writing; but lassie always bursting into tears or feeling a chill in her bowels or otherwise not earning her share of taxpayers' money.

The Amber Bead. Jan Spiess. *Cassell*, 13/6. Mild thriller about Communists and anti-Communists in New Mexico. Improbable love interest, Spanish-American décor, attempt to grapple with conflict of loyalties in rigid mind of Professor from New England.



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TRAGIC BATTLE

Culloden. John Prebble. *Secker and Warburg*, 30/-

"A lost cause will always win a last victory in men's imaginations. And no British regiment now has Culloden among its battle honours." In this scarlet and sombre narrative of the events of April, 1746 and their terrible aftermath, Mr. Prebble has achieved a notable piece of historical reconstruction. Through his use of original material—regimental Order Books and manuals, diaries kept by Hanoverian soldiers, Jacobite eye-witness accounts of the massacres that followed the battle and so on—he has built up a striking picture of two societies in total conflict. Culloden has a powerful contemporary ring about it; if the Highlanders fought like Poles, the Whig soldiery behaved remarkably like Nazi *Herrenvolk*.

It is a striking account because it is so deliberately unromantic. This is no over-the-sea-to-Skye rehearsal of the '45. (One suspects that Mr. Prebble is not really very interested in Prince Charles Edward. He is certainly not in sympathy with him, and he would probably have agreed with Horace Walpole's estimate of "the Boy.") His narrative changes many aspects of the story as it has been generally told. With exceptions—Cameron of Lochiel, for example—the chieftains and their clansmen did not rise chivalrously and spontaneously to the young Pretender. Nor was the Duke of Cumberland quite the butcher he has been represented. (His cavalry commander, the notorious Major-General Hawley, was a far worse offender.) It is a tragic and fascinating chapter of history and Mr. Prebble has re-written it brilliantly.

— PHILIP HENGIST

CREDIT BALANCE

Picasso (Early Years). *Faber and Faber*, 15/-. **Picasso (Later Years).** *Faber and Faber*, 15/-. The two books contain ten good quality coloured reproductions each, covering widely the many phases of Picasso's painting. The forewords by Mr. Wilensky and the notes by Mr. Penrose (a friend of Picasso) are of the partial and propagandist type: no mention is made of the limitation of the "Master's" colour which, if not dull, is usually harsh even when he is under the influence of such a colourist as Matisse (No. 10 in *Later Years*).

The Plastic Smile. Rosalie Packard. *Constable*, 15/-. Prattling, unhappily mothered rich girl tells her psychologist all about her failures in love, poise and the search for purpose. Entertaining light novel with good dialogue. You bite through the de luxe coating to a chill, satirical centre.

FOR FUN

Mediatrics. H. F. Ellis. *Geoffrey Bles*, 10/6. Care of the old we hear enough of, care of the young too much. Ellis explores the rich no-man's-land of the Excluded Middle, with thoughts on spectacle-swinging, pipe-stem-pointing and other ailments of the over-forties. First appeared in *Punch*. Very funny. Hewison drawings of impeccable suitability.

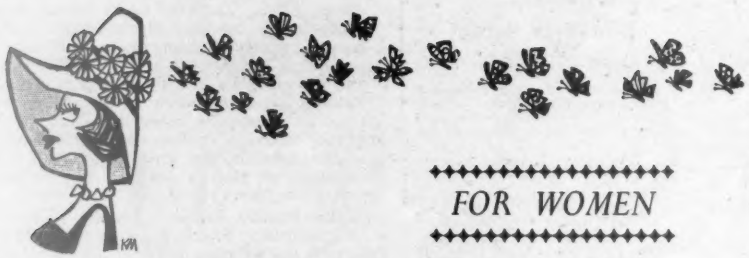
To My Embarrassment. J. B. Boothroyd. *Allen and Unwin*, 10/6. Light Programme broadcasts by accident-prone, well-meaning rural house-, dog- and wife-owner. The skin is often from his own banana. Read twice, once for the anecdote and once for the way it's told.

Thelwell in Orbit. *Methuen*, 15/-. Cartoons on many subjects, mainly rural. The brilliant orthodoxy of the drawing does not conceal the artist's zany approach to modern living.

The Eye of a Needle. John Glashan. *Dobson*, 10/6. Literate strip cartoons, mainly about tiny bearded men becoming monstrously rich by accident. Marvellous moments.



"I don't want a new experience in ham and eggs!"



Joe's Place

THE dressing-room is not quite itself again. It takes time to recover from the assault of the daughter and her art-school friends. Refugees from bedsitters with meters, they make as one for the dressing-room and for hours behind locked doors there is a sound of great waters. Long hair comes out to dry on the flat-roof, the shower is full of sand, there is bladder-wrack under the washbasin. When they take flight they leave mementos behind—a bikini top behind the bookshelves, a gondolier's straw over the barometer.

Hard on their heels comes our son from Milan where he has been sharing a room with a La Scala student. He brings with him not only a fine repertoire but a craving for raw vegetables and a lust for bloody steak after all that pasta. In addition he has, this year, gone overboard for body-building and desires above all a figure like an up-ended pyramid. Coming from a bookworm with a tendency to round shoulders, this is rich.

Of course he makes straight for the dressing-room and locks himself in with a French chest expander. This unmanageable hydra, more like quintuple grass-snakes really, exerts a certain fascination on me. I cannot make the slightest impression on it, yet I cannot help trying. There goes with it a diverting booklet full of cautionary figures, concave shoulders and business men with pots. It addresses itself to Jeunes Gens who work their brains in a manner too *acharné;* coaxes them to *dégager le cerveau* by the practice of twice daily physical culture. As to Jeunes Filles, they will thereby avoid anaemia and skeletal deformities and will moreover prepare their abdominal muscles for their future role of mothers. Hmm. . .

Adults—hallo, here's something for me—"adults too sedentary, too absorbed in intellectual activities, too surcharged with alimentation too abundant, you are preparing yourselves for a premature old age. Physical culture will favour sanguine circulation, decongest the brain, wrestle obesity."

In the weeks that followed if there was anything I was too absorbed in it was getting sackfuls of vegetables ready for the blender whose unearthly screams made the day hideous. My circulation became more than sanguine as I sprinted around mopping up, rinsing out, putting away, blocking the eardrums and keeping the peace between scion and sire. The latter, to quote the book, was certainly preparing himself for a premature old age, but only through having to listen to the deltoids being built up to the accompaniment of one favourite bit from *Martha* and the Mephistophelean solo from *Faust*, (the flattering acoustics of the dressing-room being just the thing for those dark-brown chuckles). With a hunted look he bolted for the garage, a cosy place furnished with chairs and the old cork lino. But this had been turned into a gymnasium full of home-made appliances

Report

Messrs. Barking & Bloggs Ltd., Department Stores—quarterly report on a/c Customer Mrs. J. ENTWISTLE. (*age:* 45. *Average age:* 45.)

Haberdashery:	Inattentive. She must realise that occasional panic buying of teacloths and pincushions at Christmas time do not make a good customer.
Cosmetics:	Apt to become self-conscious on approaching this counter.
Household Linen:	A methodical and conscientious buyer; could pay more attention to pillowcases.
China and Glass:	Excellent; always careful and has a good sense of colour and design.
Corsetry:	A haphazard buyer—too inclined to seize the first garment she finds irrespective of measurements. Must be more accurate.
Skirts:	Vacillating. She should try to break herself of the habit of buying a skirt one day and posting it back to us the next. With application she will overcome this difficulty.
Gowns:	Tries hard but this is not her best department. Careless mistakes have been made.
Sportswear:	Keen and interested. Must avoid a tendency to buy teenage jeans and kneelength sweaters.
Children's Wear:	Seems to find this an effort. She must try to concentrate more and not be diverted to other departments en route.
Stationery & Gifts **Costume Jewellery** **Knitting Wools**	Little progress has been made due to absence.
Restaurant:	Fair; inclined to be too hurried.
General Remarks:	On the whole she has been a good customer this quarter and we are glad to have her here. Usually pays her a/c promptly.

— HOPE COBB

for strengthening the fingers, wrist, forearm—broomsticks tied to binder twine tied to bricks, replaced, as the iron bands hardened, by two-gallon tins of paint. Here our athlete holed up in the evenings after a trot round the cliffs, shower, brisk rub-down, and the last session with the grass snakes. I became powerfully affected by the locker-room atmosphere and began to feel underdressed without an old towel round the neck and I had difficulty not talking out of the side of the mouth.

Four weeks we lived with "Santé, Force, Sport"—but only just. Term-time released us at last. Mr. Universe bounded away gorged with carrot blood and reinforced with new scarlet underwear (charged to the old man). Pity, though, that he never got around to splitting the winter logs before he sprained his wrist. — STELLA CORSO

A Plea for Hanging

THERE is an art in hanging out the washing.
Gay, plastic line and pegs to match each shade
Of garment. And of course no muddled squashing;
Colour-schemes must be thought of, spaces made.
E.g , all shades of blue should hang together
Navy to pale, regardless of the shape;
And, of course, nighties flimsy as a feather
Be set to fly where broken fences gape.
Whites, if not white enough, must slink in hiding
Between the summer-house and potting-shed;
And garments ripe for neighbourly deriding,
Such as long underpants, must drip instead
From strings across the bath where none can spot them—
(For days, if necessary, these cool summers)—
And nobody will know you've even got them
Save unexpected visitors and plumbers.

— HAZEL TOWNSON



"... and as a matter of interest, where did you see our advertisement?"

TOBY COMPETITIONS

NEXT week **"FIRST APPEARANCE"** makes its first appearance. This is taking the place, temporarily at least, of Toby Competitions. It will consist of very short articles, verses, anecdotes or other miscellaneous fragments from contributors who are not professional writers and have not appeared in *Punch* before (though Toby Competition prize-winners are not barred). A genuine personal experience briefly told is likely to be more acceptable than the longer work used elsewhere in the magazine. **MAXIMUM 300 WORDS.** Manuscripts for future issues should be addressed to **" FIRST APPEARANCE,"** *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 183: "Sink-Side"

Competitors were asked for three extracts from the chapter on Washing-Up in a Manual of Etiquette. Jokes were rather repetitive. Sometimes, oddly enough, Manuals of Etiquette seemed to be confused with Manuals of Military Operations. The *mot juste* for most entries was "heartfelt."

The winner was:

J. AUDSLEY
57 PARK VIEW
NEW MALDEN
SURREY

It is not considered "good form" for gentlemen to wear frilly aprons. Large, blue-and-white-striped aprons of the "fishmonger" type are, however, acceptable and even fashionable—quite the "thing," in fact. Ladies should never appear at the sink ungloved, pink or flesh-coloured rubber gloves being recommended, if not absolutely "*de rigueur*." Gentlemen do not wear gloves, the exposed hand, in these circumstances, being considered manly, but not "daring." Washing and wiping are interchangeable as between the sexes, but punching holes in a tin of sink cleansing powder with a skewer and hammer (or, if the parties are married or sufficiently well-acquainted to justify the informality, the heel of a shoe) is definitely a male preserve.

Following are the runners-up:

1. A prudent guest in a strange house should try to memorise the exact number of utensils used during the meal, so that advantage is not taken of his/her benevolence for the washing-up of dishes from previous meals.

2. No guests should be expected to participate in the scouring of pots or other cooking utensils, but according to the excellence of the meal, empty milk bottles or Swedish-type casseroles may be tackled with impunity.

3. If further reciprocal entertaining is envisaged, all comment unless favourable should be avoided upon the temperature of the water and the shade or humidity of the dish-towel. Refrain also from scrutinising the cutlery for hallmarks and remarking on any conflicting initials.

E. J. C. Taylor, 17 *William Street, Edinburgh*, 3

A shocked expression if your perfunctory offer to wash up is accepted by your hostess should be suppressed (see "Self-Control," pages 37-42). Give the impression that it is a great honour. Guard against a repetition of this with a casual reference to your "skin trouble." Husbands who wish to relinquish this chore should adopt a more gentlemanly and less expensive course than smashing bone china. The author has found that a few tea-leaves left adhering to the cups with moist sugar prove efficacious. It is in extremely bad taste during washing up to (i) smoke; (ii) sing; (iii) wash crockery and cutlery *together*; (iv) juggle.

Michael Perkins, 62 *Ynyshir Road, Ynyshir, Rhondda, Glamorgan, S. Wales*



It is unnecessary to converse with the one who dries, but, should the occasion arise, he may be requested to mop up the overflow, dislodge the potato, cabbage or conglomerated crumbs which are obstructing the plug-hole, remove triumphant milk saucepans to the dustbin . . .

Should the one who dries be so ill-bred as to return a washed item to the sink, assert your superiority: demand (immediately) the dry items and place them (unhesitatingly) in the water.

. . . washing machines are somewhat different and should be treated respectfully. Stand attentively near the switches—your guests may (under supervision) wash all items to be placed in the machine.

Anne R. Everett, Clayesmore Preparatory School, Charlton Marshall, Blandford, Dorset

It is considered W-non-U in the lowest degree for the Washer-Up to consume any titbit found on a plate. The excuse, often made, that the morsel showed no tooth-marks, is inadmissible. Food left on a plate is the property of the domestic animals, and it is wrong to steal from them.

No part of the manipulant's naked anatomy should come into contact with his work. Rubber gloves (non-general purpose) should be worn and all deterging done by means of mop, wire-brushes, etc. Never remove mustard with the nail, or employ unprotected finger and thumb to pick out the "ools" from a scoured porridge-pot.

J. A. Lindon, 89 *Terrace Road, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey*

Book-tokens also to: *Adrian Thorpe*, 16 *Saint John's Street, Cambridge; Martin Fagg*, 22 *Pinewood Road, Bromley, Kent.*

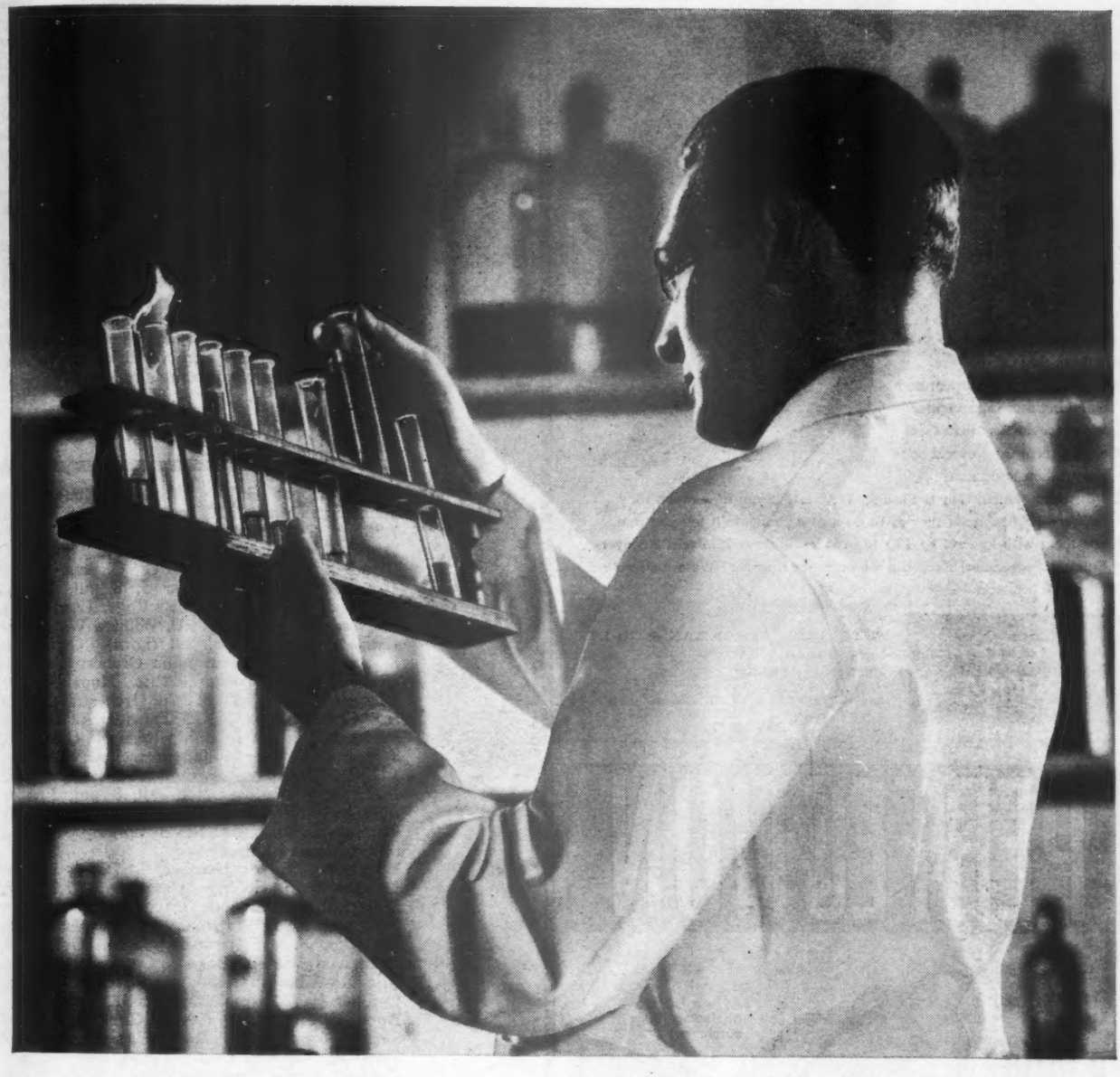
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Who said machines were taking over?

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE XVII



Dr. Page-Barker was right about Dandruff . . .

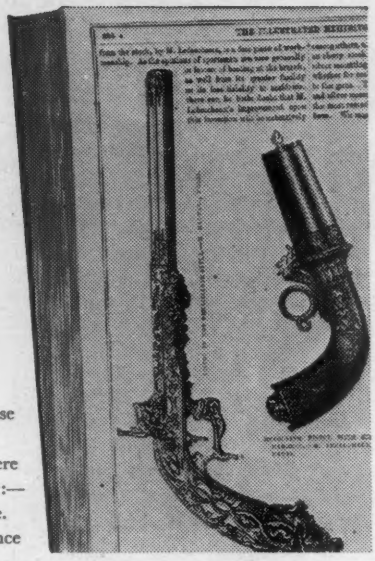
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE XVII

Contracts. On the third floor of **Woollands**, Seville Street, there is a new collection of contemporary furniture, while from October 7 for 3 weeks **Harrods** keep the accent on interior design with their Central Hall display of Oriental lampshades and carpets. The new Christian Dior shoes are now in the women's shoe department. Until October 14 **Peter Jones** display autumn fashions in their windows, with their Lighting Exhibition continuing to the same date. Throughout October **Maples** are holding a Home Lighting and Heating exhibition in their main hall and also have a blanket and linen sale until October 7.

New at **Austin Reed's** are their exclusive striped Summit shirts, in various styles and colours, while **Simpson's** have 2-fold poplin shirts in both stripes and checks. **Hope Brothers** have just introduced their Bengal striped shirt in poplin, with rounded collar and cuffs, while **Hector Powe** keep the accent on stripes which are featured in their lightweight woollen dressing gowns.

MUSIC



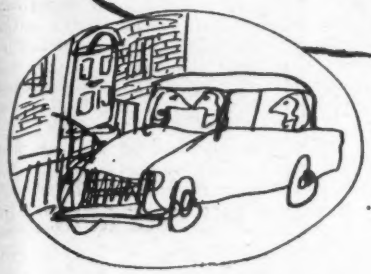
Royal Albert Hall. Ukrainian State Dance Company: Evenings 7.30 pm, Saturdays 2.30 pm, 7.30 pm. No performance Mondays.
Royal Festival Hall. October 4, 8 pm, BBC Symphony Orchestra, BBC Chorus, soloist Joan Hammond. October 5, 8 pm, London Symphony Orchestra, soloists Roger Lord (oboe), Gervase De Peyer (clarinet), William Waterhouse (bassoon), Barry Tuckwell (horn). October 6, 8 pm, London Philharmonic Orchestra, soloists Leslie Caron (speaker), Eric Hope (piano). October 7, 2 pm, Ernest Read Orchestral Concert for Children, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, soloist Hephzibah Menuhin (piano). October 8, 3 pm, Irene Kohler (piano recital); 7.30 pm, London Philharmonic Orchestra, soloist Gina Bachauer (piano). October 9, 8 pm, London Symphony Orchestra, soloist Fou Ts'ong (piano). October 10, 8 pm, London Symphony Orchestra, soloist Michael Rabin (violin).
Wigmore Hall. October 4, 7.30 pm, Duo Lemkes (two violins). October 5, 7.30 pm, L'Ensemble Alarius de Bruxelles. October 6, 7.30 pm, Lois Whiteman (piano). October 7, 7.30 pm, Steven Barwick (piano). October 8, 3 pm, Margerie Few (piano). October 9, 7.30 pm, Eric Rosenblith (violin), F. Witzinger (piano). October 10, 7.30 pm, Malcolm Binns (piano).
Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. October 5 and 9, 6 pm, *Die Walküre* (Wagner). October 7 and 10, 7.30 pm, *Falstaff* (Verdi).
Sadler's Wells Theatre. October 4 and 7, 7.30 pm, *Barber of Seville* (Rossini). October 5, 7.30 pm, *Tosca* (Puccini). October 6 and 10, 7 pm, *Carmen* (Bizet).

GALLERIES



Arcade. Medieval, Renaissance and Baroque sculpture and African masks. **Archer.** Fantasy show by Harry Llewellyn Gordon. **Arts Council.** Modern stained-glass exhibition from October 5. **Beaux Arts.** Peter Schmidt paintings. **Berkeley.** Far Eastern and primitive art. **Brook.** Max Ernst, Magritte, and sculpture by Arp and Henry Moore. **Colnaghi.** Old Master prints. **Cooling.** Stoneware and porcelain by Eleanor Whittal. **National Gallery.** French 19th-century paintings from Bührle Collection. **Reid.** William Goldsmith. **Tate.** Max Ernst. **USIS.** American advertising art. **Wilton.** Charles Orloff. **Zwemmer.** Harold Cheesman paintings and drawings until October 11.

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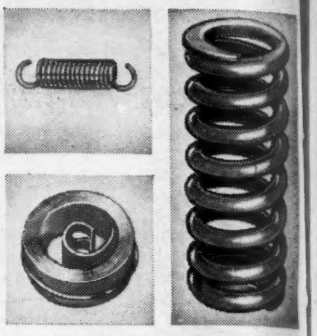
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Edmund Tattersall on Black Bess – from a painting by Byron Webb (c. 1820-c. 1867) in the possession of Tattersalls.



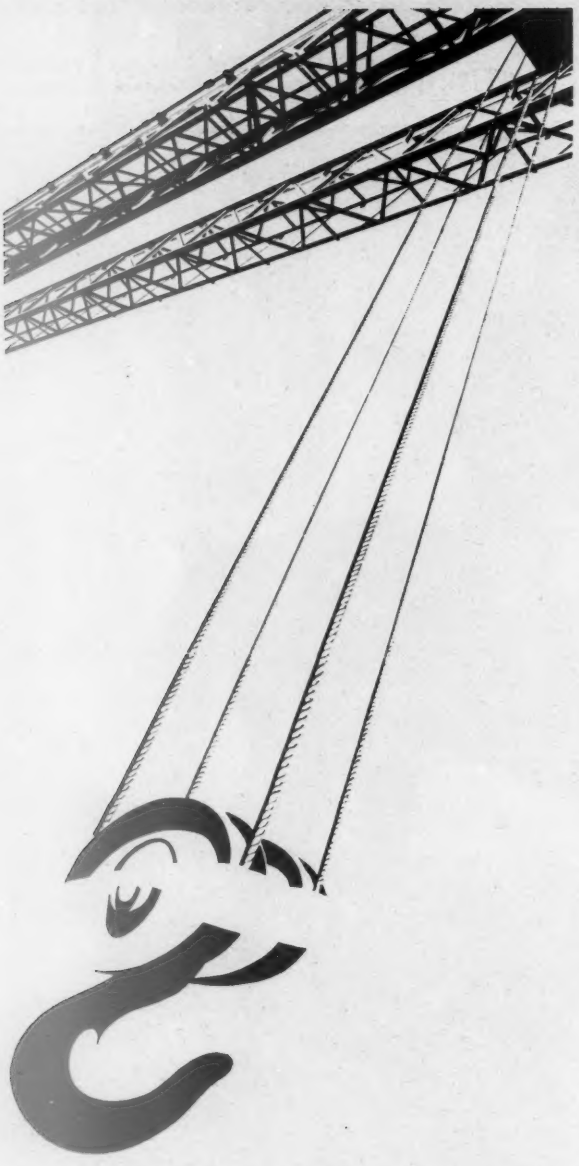
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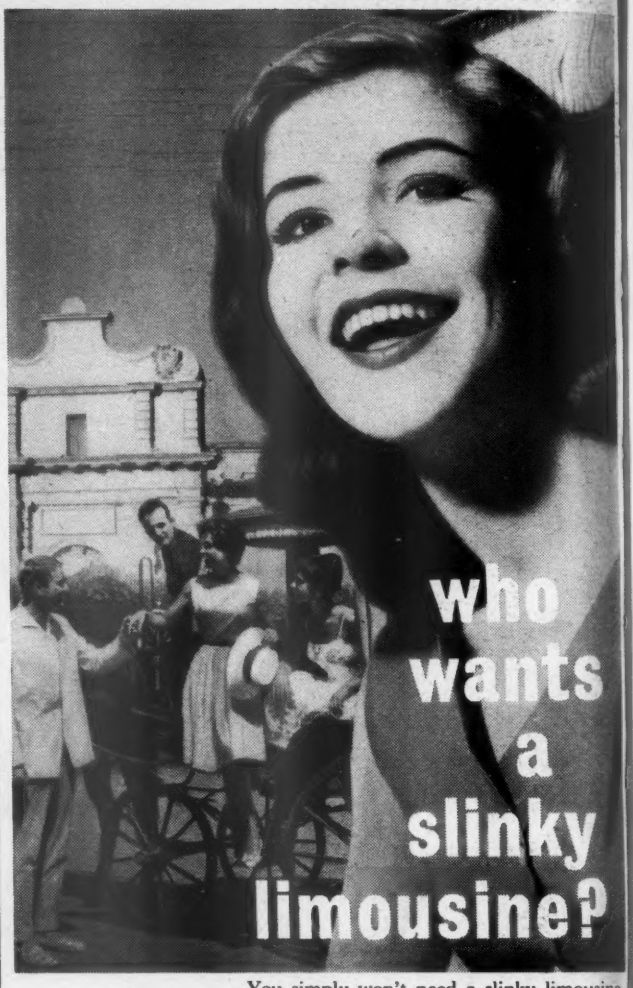
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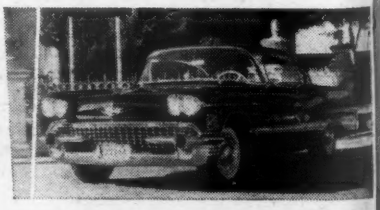
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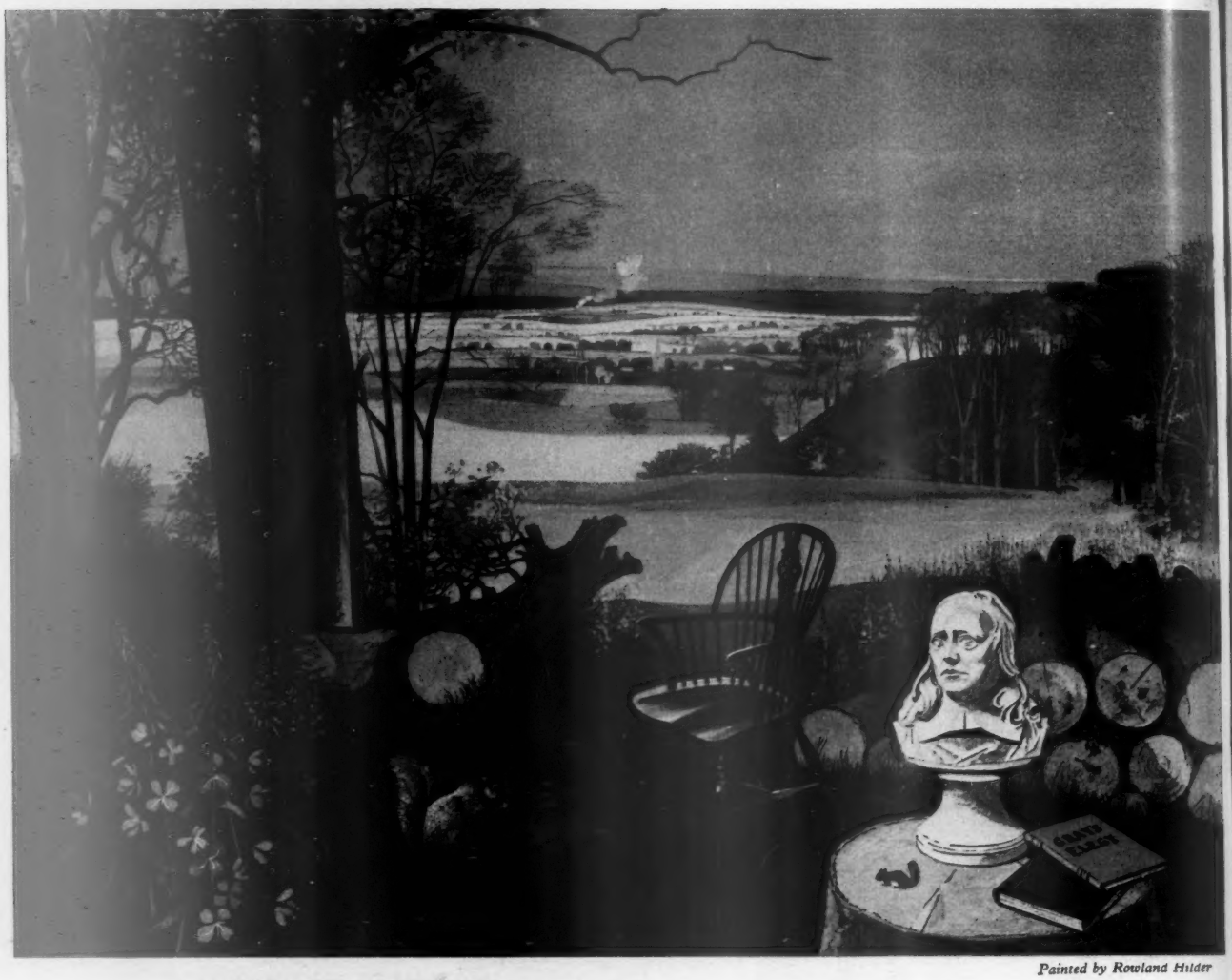


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Shell guide to BUCKINGHAMSHIRE



A county of vale and clay, and, in the south of the Chiltern Hills, characterized by smooth and sudden slopes, dry valleys and paths, and chalk and flint and beech woods and grey squirrels (1), and clearings where beech logs are stacked for the chair factories of High Wycombe and where the Rose-bay Willow-herb (2), once one of the uncommon plants of England, takes complete and exquisite possession. You see here a typical Windsor chair (3) from Wycombe. In the Chiltern area an unexpected animal is the Edible Dormouse (4), which has a habit of wintering with noisy insistence in the roof-space of houses; one is just visible in the picture by the books on the tree-stump. These dormice from continental Europe were introduced in 1902 at Tring Park, just outside the county border, and they have made the Chilterns their special home, never spreading far and wide like the Grey Squirrel from North America.

Buckinghamshire is a county of great men by the score, and particularly it has been a poet's county – or rather a county offering London poets a rural retreat within easy distance. John Milton (1608-74) is the poet of Chalfont St Giles, where he finished *Paradise Lost*, and where there is now a Milton museum, and of Horton in the far south of the county, where as a young man he wrote *Lycidas* and *Comus*. His marble bust (5) in the picture is taken from the bust by Rysbrack in Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey. Thomas Gray (1716-71) is the poet of Stoke Poges, and is buried there in the churchyard which he made the subject of his *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*. William Cowper (1731-1800) wrote his best poems in retreat at Olney in the far north of the county, and the great and delicate Christina Rossetti (1830-94) spent her holidays in childhood at Holmer Green.

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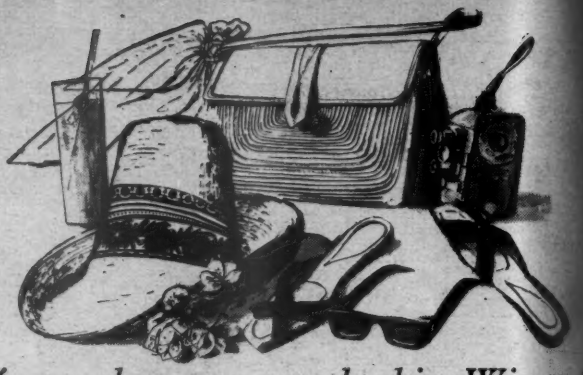
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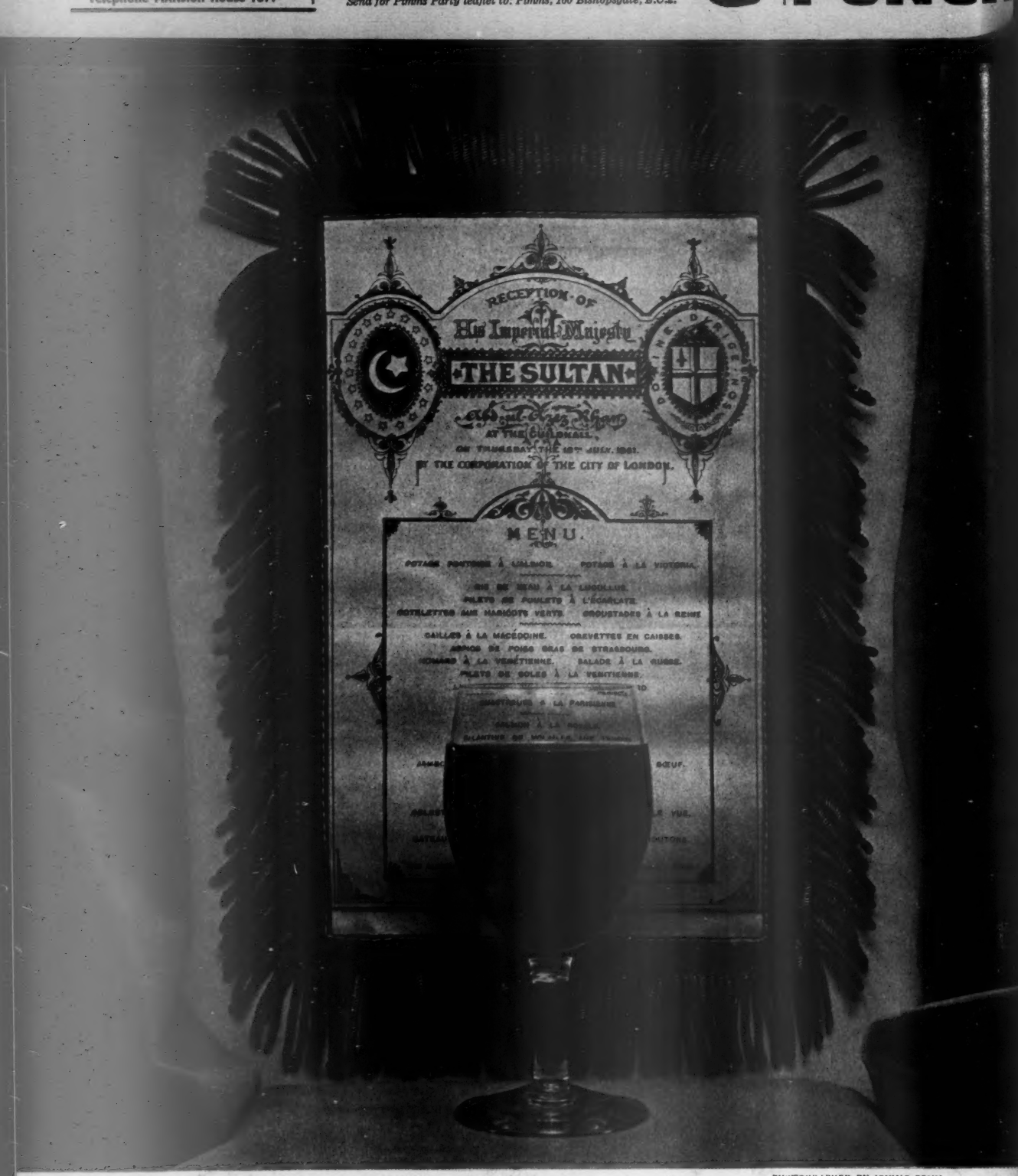
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